A NEW SERIAL STORY BY E. F. BENSON BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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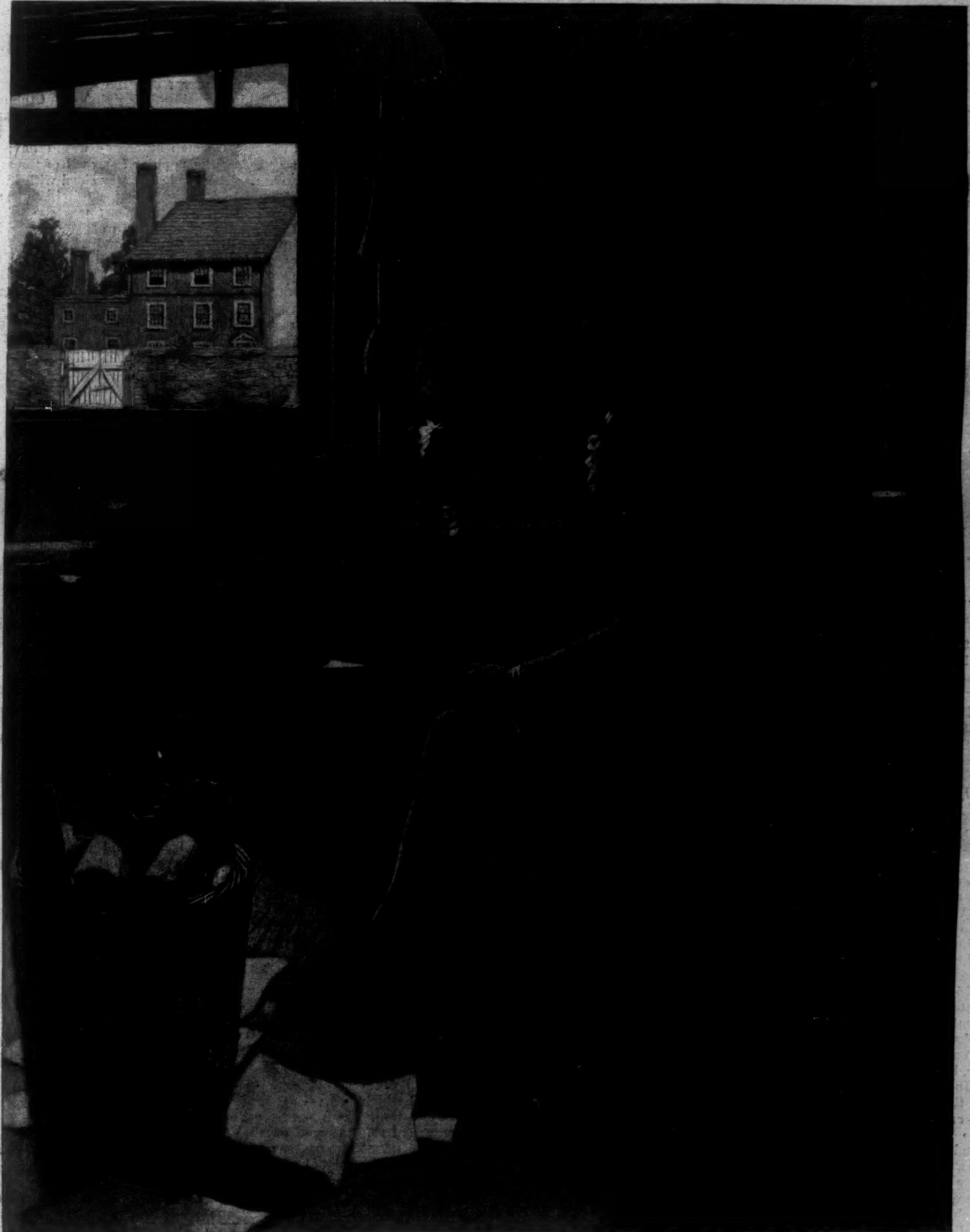

JEFFERSON READING THE ROUGH DRAFT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO FRANKLIN.

From the Painting by Clyde O. De Land.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

In the next Number of the Weekly *will be published Drawings illustrating the principal events of Jubilee Week.*

THE JUBILEE AND THE COLONIES.

The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria was brilliant as a pageant and splendid as a historic event. As a pageant it has been described in the daily press by a host of professional and non-professional writers, and in its next issue the Weekly will present to its readers a number of drawings, made by some of the most capable British artists, of the principal happenings of the week which has just been devoted to celebrating the achievements of the British race, and to honoring most worthily and sincerely the womanly virtues of the British Queen. As a historic event it is well that there has been an occasion and an incentive for reflection upon the advance of humanity during these fruitful sixty years. For it is not the British Empire alone that has reason to be proud of the difference between now and the day when the young Queen ascended the throne of England. All civilized Europe and America are the better for the gains of science, for the spread of democracy, for the amelioration of life, that have made the poor as well as the rich happier in 1897 than they could have been in 1837. Much of the gain that has been made by the world is due to English-speaking men and women, and most of the political liberty that is now enjoyed in countries where a half-century ago civilization had not obtained a foothold is the result of the planting of English institutions and English justice in distant colonies. The pause for thought which this remarkable celebration has given us ought to be taken advantage of for the enlightenment of the pessimist and the socialist, who see no good in existing institutions, and only tyrannical oppression of the feeble in the liberty of the individual; for the lesson to be learned from the history of England during the past sixty years is not that

> ....the individual withers, and the world is more and more,

but that the world is more and more as the individual is left free, under justly administered equal laws, to attain the full reward of all his talents and opportunities. The British poet whose genius will be equal to the theme will some day sing, not the song of Kipling celebrating, in verse that recalls the chinking of coin, the material profits of expanded British commerce, but the reign of law and justice and individual liberty in parts of the world that but for English adventurers would still be clothed in the darkness of barbarism, or that would have come under the rule of German or French absolutism.

The real condition of the British Empire, and the true situation of the mother-country, have been obscured in the enthusiasm that has prevailed in London, and that has been echoed on this side of the ocean. When the Queen rode from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, the motive of the celebration was forgotten in the rushing memories of what has happened during her long reign, and of the domestic and political virtues with which she has purified and distinguished the throne of her immediate ancestors. But it is nevertheless the truth that it was not so much the "power of the empire," as the newspapers took pleasure in saying, that accompanied the Queen on that glorious progress, but the hope of English statesmen.

The Jubilee celebration was for the colonies, and for the stimulating of loyal affection for the mother-country among the peoples of her own blood, to whom she has given laws and government and protection. The time has come when English statesmen feel that the British Empire may some day depend upon the support of the colonies, and therefore the main purpose of the splendid and touching spectacle which the world witnessed and read about last week was the firmer knitting to the mother of her distant children. It was the day for the colonists to show themselves in the streets of the capital of the empire, and to manifest their affectionate gratitude for all that the mother has done for them. If there seemed to be, in the many honors that the Queen showered upon the colonial premiers, in the precedence that was given to colonial statesmen and to colonial militia, an undue seeking for colonial love and loyalty, it is not only to be remembered that the needs of the empire are great, but that on this Jubilee occasion the empire was the host, and, if it was asking anything, it was only a return for what had been freely given, and for what would willingly be given again.

The greater colonies which Englishmen have established are no longer colonies, but in every essential sense but one they are independent nations. Notwithstanding the Governor-General, the colony governs itself, just as, notwithstanding the Queen, the English people at home govern themselves. Through their years of growth they have had the protection of the home country. Her splendid navy and her army have been at their service, and they have gone on asserting themselves and taking lands from inferior races, in the confident belief that if they got into difficulties, England would never inquire into the justice of their cause, but would defend them against all assaults. It is doubtful if in all material respects the mother-country has been repaid for the great cost of her colonies. It is enough, perhaps, that she has seen the English race spread over the earth and flourish, and the English tongue become dominant in every quarter of the globe. However that may be, she has nourished her colonies until they have become great states, and none know better than the premiers of Canada and Australasia that their people and their lands are as truly independent of England as are the United States. It is because these colonies are great and self-governing nations, their growth having been fostered and hastened by reason of their relief from all cost of military establishments, which the mother-country has assumed, that it was well for England, and well for the English-speaking world, that an opportunity was given to them to manifest their loyalty. England deserves the loyalty of her colonies, and all the sacrifices on their part that her needs demand. From the demonstration of last week in London it may be assumed that England has her children behind her, and that they will do for her all that they have expected that she would do for them when the time came. That this is so is an added proof of the character and worth of what we are wont to call the Anglo-Saxon race.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

The occasion of the recent demonstration of the Spanish Liberals is quite incomprehensible to inhabitants of more modern countries. The Duke of Tetuan, the Foreign Minister, in the course of a private conversation in the lobby of the Cortes, took occasion to slap the face of his interlocutor, a Liberal member. Thereupon the Liberals resolved that they would have nothing to do with the ministry. Practically this left the ministry quite free to have its own way, without parliamentary opposition. It is a singular result of the Spanish *pundonor*, and one by which the aggrieved party is exclusively injured. There are many ministerial leaders who would be glad to secure an unopposed progress for their measures at the cost of making a personal assault upon leaders of the opposition, but there is none but the Spanish opposition which would permit them to do so. A few years ago M. Constans was exasperated into boxing the ears of a French Deputy, and this not in the lobby, but on the floor of the Chamber. It is true that since that incident, and because of it, or because of what preceded it, the assailant has lived in political seclusion. But, so far from silencing the minority, the only effect of the assault was to increase its vigilance and acrimony.

The Spanish view is so different that the Liberal programme, instead of being announced, as one would expect, in the national legislature, is promulgated by a private assemblage of ex-ministers of the Liberal party. However irregular the form of the manifesto issued as a result of this conference may be, the substance of it is reassuring, as showing that there is a party in Spain which does not approve of the policy of cruelty and perfidy which has prevailed in Cuba, and which has reduced the island to its present desolation. The Liberals say plainly that the measure of reform proposed by the ministry is not sufficient. They demand plainly that the truculent and ineffectual Weyler be replaced by some one who will make war in a more civilized as well as a more effectual fashion. They demand also that, in addition to and independently of the military commander, a Royal Commissioner shall be despatched to Cuba with power "to execute reforms of the widest autonomy compatible with the preservation of imperial sovereignty."

This is an inspiring programme. If it could be put into execution it would convert Cuba from a condition worse than that of Ireland to the status of Canada or Australia, and leave her people to the consequences of their own efforts. But there appear two fatal objections. One is that there is not the slightest reason to suppose that Spain would consent to abandon the greedy and domineering policy which has lost all her possessions but the two which she precariously holds by the sword. The other is that the Cubans will not trust Spain. Cuba fears the Spaniards bearing gifts, and she has reason. If the terms upon which the ten years' war was concluded had been faithfully observed by Spain, there would have been no second insurrection. The programme of Señor Sagasta and his associates is not likely to serve any other purpose than to show that there is a party in Spain which favors treating Cuba with humanity, justice, and good faith. But that demonstration is very well worth making.

GOVERNMENT BY SPIES.

Last December, when Baron Marschall, the German Minister for Foreign Affairs, openly accused von Tausch and the secret political police under him of being the originators of the intrigues that have distracted Germany since Bismarck's dismissal, it seemed for a moment as though even the strict German autocracy would have to give way before the popular approval of the minister's action. The whole country sided with him in his attempt to do away with the mischievous state department of which Tausch was the head. But Prussian tradition is all in favor of the hushing up of political scandal, and Baron Marschall's enemies did not find it hard to persuade the Emperor that his authority would suffer if too minute an inquiry were to be made into Tausch's doings. Nobody, therefore, was much surprised when the recent trial in Berlin ended in Tausch's acquittal and the grant of three months' leave of absence to the Foreign Minister. Von Tausch's official business was to ferret out the authorship of obnoxious newspaper articles, to spy on foreigners and other "suspects," to procure a goodly crop of convictions for *lèse-majesté*, and generally to do, at any cost and by any means, all the dirty and degrading work which is inseparable from an extreme autocracy. Naturally enough, with the enormous amount of knowledge he gradually acquired, Tausch soon began to intrigue on his own account. He was not particular about his weapons. It was proved at his trial that he had lied, forged, and bribed impartially. He plotted against General Bronsart, the Minister for War, and procured his dismissal. He plotted against Dr. Köller, the Minister of the Interior, and Dr. Köller had to go. Latterly he set about embroiling the Foreign Minister with the Emperor. Many of his agents were journalists who could be relied upon to publish anything he told them. It was he who gave out the false reports about the Emperor's health which created such a commotion about a year ago. "I have surrounded the Emperor," he said to a witness, "with a net-work of spies." At whose instigation these intrigues were set on foot is unknown. That there is some one behind Tausch who has not yet been hunted out is the common belief of all Germany. Indeed, Tausch himself admitted as much. But the Court evidently knew the Emperor's wishes, and carefully restricted the evidence to unimportant matters. The mysterious person in the background was never more than hinted at; and every effort to raise the trial into one of political importance was checked at once. Tausch's official career is at an end, because he slandered the Emperor. But the method he represents is still in force, and it seems as though for many years to come a suborned, slavish press and a system of universal espionage are destined to be Germany's most important contributions to the science of government.

AN ASSAULT ON BRONX PARK.

A few days ago a committee, consisting of experts, and of which Professor Charles S. Sargent was chairman, made an adverse report to the Park Commissioners of New York as to certain plans for proposed buildings in Bronx Park for the use of the Botanical Society. The buildings were necessary, and no question was raised as to the architectural merits of the designs. It was proposed, however, to place the museum and the director's residence, and even a power-house, in the most picturesque parts of the park. Every one who knows Bronx Park must have been astonished that such intelligent and public-spirited men as the directors of the Botanical Garden should have dreamed of placing buildings amid native beauties whose preservation is obviously the first duty of the landscape-gardener, and will be still more astonished by their persistent opposition to the report, and by the decision of the Park Commissioners against their own appointed experts—Mr. Stiles, the only commissioner whose opinion on this subject is entitled to respect, voting to sustain the report.

Their action is of general interest, because it is a symptom of a certain national indifference to the exclusive rights of beauty. It is true that we are growing in grace in this respect. As a people, we are not only becoming more sensitive to assaults made upon the beauties of our landscapes, but we are alive to the value of preserving for the public pleasure and instruction places of exceptional attraction and interest. We have not yet, however, entirely lost the habit of regarding beauty as subservient to usefulness. It is probably true that the city of Philadelphia would not now permit a railroad to put its black blemish on the loveliness of Fairmount Park, and Chicago has distinctly shown that it regrets the destruction of the beauty of its Lake Front by steel rails and puffing locomotives. In New York the people have compelled the owners of trotting-horses to build their speedway elsewhere than in Central Park, although they have not possessed sufficient forethought to insist that the charming banks of the Harlem shall be preserved for general enjoyment instead of being used as a trotting-course.

It is clear that the national conscience is growing more sensitive, and the national consciousness more enlightened as to the relations of mere beauty to civic life, when the conflict is between it and utilitarianism in its grosser forms. But beauty has its rights too, even as against such an admirable institution as a botanical garden. The city of New York and the country need botanical gardens, but they need even more such sylvan retreats in the neighborhood of crowded brick houses and paved streets as the spot in which the directors of the Botanical Garden wished to plant their museum and dwelling-house. By all means botanical gardens should be encouraged. The people will enjoy their object-lessons as to what Nature can do when she is sedulously encouraged and cultivated; but more important still is the preservation of what Nature has actually accomplished in the formation of charming landscapes; and perhaps more important than all is the inculcation of a popular reverent regard for beauty, which will revolt against its destruction or damage even for the purpose of supplanting it with other forms of beauty.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WEALTH.

In the trial of the American Tobacco Company, better known as the "Tobacco Trust," there has been given some evidence as to the improper methods employed by the "trust" for the purpose of monopolizing the market. Whether the evidence is sufficient, under the technical rules that govern in criminal trials, to sustain a conviction, it is impossible to say; but it is known to be the general custom of large corporations, or of combinations of corporations, to take advantage of their power to oppress competitors and to drive them out of business. If the competitors are weak, they are compelled to yield. In other words, a "trust" sufficiently extensive and sufficiently rich can force competitors to go out or keep out of the business in which the "trust" is interested. When this power is exercised it is clearly persecution, and persecution that compels men to refrain from carrying on whatever business they may prefer is cruel and odious. Moreover, as it prevents the citizen from the free employment of his faculties, and may even so limit his activities as to decrease materially his earning capacity—for a man prospers in proportion as he is at liberty to direct his energies in the channels of his choice—this kind of persecution is contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

Whether or no it is contrary to existing law remains to be seen. But if it is not, the law should be made to apply. These "trusts," or combinations of capital, are the creatures of the law. It is intolerable that they should be more powerful than their creator, and that they should be permitted to do what the State would not dream of undertaking. There should be no one in this country possessing the power to say to another, "Your business shall be ruined unless you trade with me alone." If there exist such a power, its exercise should be made criminal, if it be not criminal already.

The Weekly believes, as it has more than once declared, that great combinations of capital are beneficial to the public, and that, properly directed, they cheapen the necessaries of life, and therefore make life itself easier for those to whom its burdens are hardest. They are often also the fruitful mothers of inventions that mark the rapid material progress of our time. But, like all other human contrivances, they are far from being perfect, and in two respects at least they are to be counted among the evil influences of the time. They are corrupting in politics, and they are too often ready to use their strength tyrannically for the purpose of destroying the business of competitors—although, so far as competition is concerned, one would suppose that the enormous capital of the "trusts" gave them already a sufficient advantage.

In this day of discontent and revolt it ought to occur to holders of wealth that the rights of property can be best maintained if those who own it diligently avoid causes of offence.

THE RIGHT TO NOMINATE.

It appears that the difficulties the Citizens' Union has to overcome in order to meet the views of Mr. Thomas C. Platt as to what kind of a municipal government Greater New York should have for the coming four years, and how the candidates should be brought out, are fairly insurmountable. Some time ago, when there was a rumor that the committee of the Citizens' Union intended to make nominations for the municipal offices about the middle of June, Mr. Platt violently denounced the temerity of such a purpose, and all his organs vociferously admonished the Citizens' Union that it was its solemn duty to "go slow." The Citizens' Union actually did "go slow," although probably more in obedience to its own good judgment than in obedience to Mr. Platt's behest. It did not make any nominations about the middle of June. It only resolved to address to the citizens of Greater New York the respectful inquiry whether the nomination of Mr. Seth Low as a candidate for the Mayoralty would be agreeable to them, the intention being that if affirmative answers to this inquiry were received in sufficient number to indicate a widespread popular desire for it, the nomination of Mr. Seth Low should then be formally made, in compliance with the popular will. This proceeding, which in a community enjoying democratic institutions is manifestly most proper, being in evident accord with the principles of popular government, seems to have exasperated Mr. Platt still more; for he caused it to be violently denounced by his agent, Mr. Lemuel Quigg, as an attempt to "overreach and humiliate" him by encroaching upon what he considers his personal prerogative—namely, the right to nominate the candidates for the municipal offices to be supported against Tammany Hall.

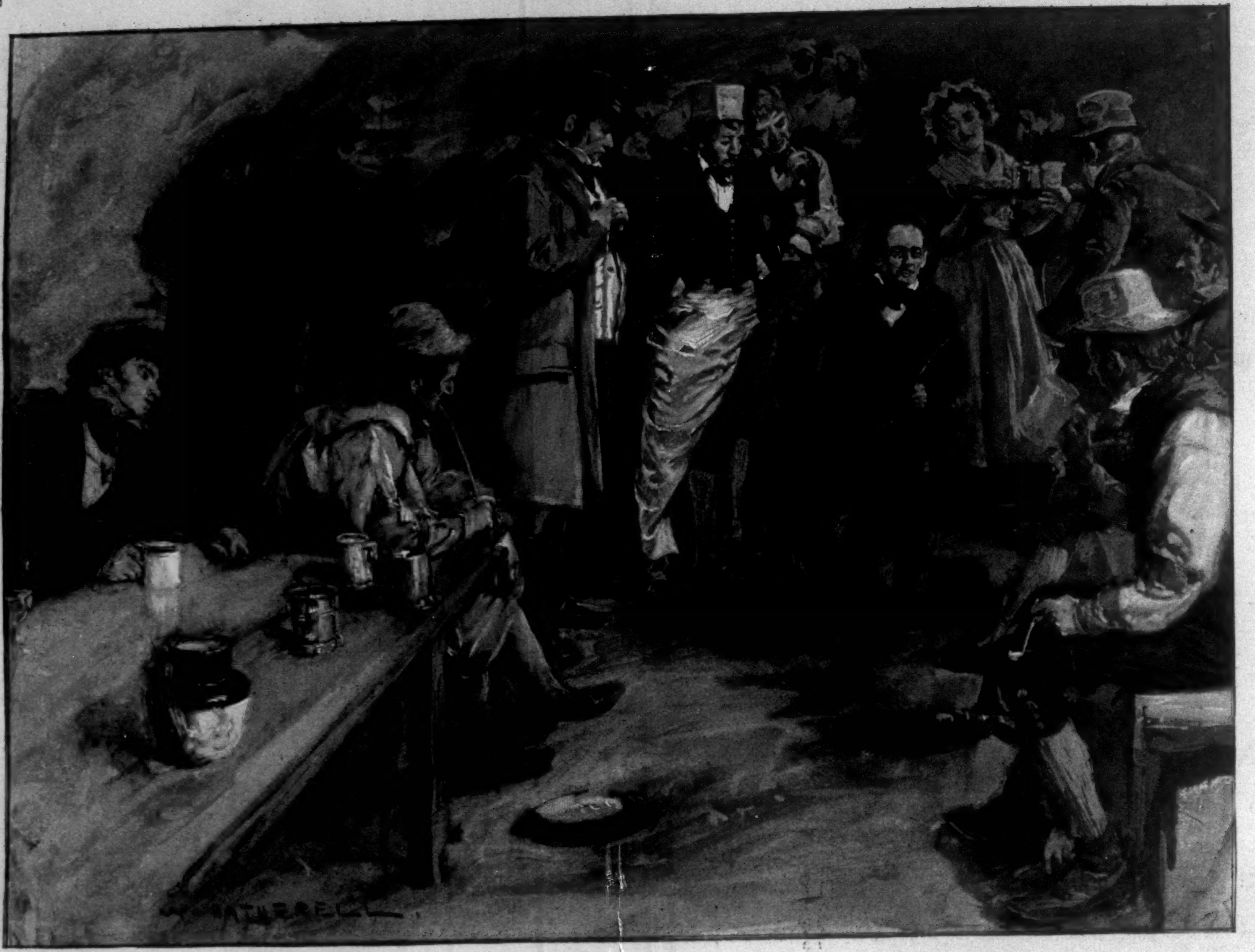
The right to nominate a candidate for office belongs to every citizen as clearly and as essentially as does the right to determine which candidate he will vote for at the election. It is recognized by the law. Every citizen may, if he chooses, nominate his own candidates at every election, and write their names upon the official ballot. Certain specified numbers of citizens may by way of petition demand the printing upon the official ballots of the names of candidates nominated by themselves. In doing so they encroach upon nobody else's rights. They simply exercise their own. In truth, they use this method for the very purpose, not of encroaching upon the right of others, but of resisting attempted encroachments upon their own rights. It is a notorious fact that combinations of politicians inside of our political parties, commonly called "the machines," have managed by way of organized co-operation to get and to keep control of the nominating caucuses or conventions, and thus to dictate the nominations according to their liking. In some instances, notably in the Republican party in New York, that control has passed into the hands of one man. In this way nominations are brought about which very frequently are not in accord with the sentiments of the majority of the party, and in the making of which that majority had really no voice. That "the machine," or the boss ruling it, will ordinarily nominate no candidates who cannot be counted upon, if elected, to serve their selfish ends, and that thus the general interest is very often shamelessly sacrificed is a matter too notorious to need elaborate proof. It may be said without exaggeration that this perversion of the nominating machinery of our political parties is one of the most dangerous evils of our political life. It tends to exclude men of high public spirit and of genuine self-respect from places of power and responsibility, and to drive them away from active participation in public affairs altogether. It impairs the value of the elective franchise by frequently limiting the choice of citizens between the candidates of the different parties to a choice between evils. Thus it most seriously imperils the working of our free institutions which are based upon universal suffrage.

A reform of the nominating process, which will bring the nomination of candidates effectually under the control of public opinion, is one of the most important, and, it seems, one of the most difficult, problems before us. Various methods have been suggested, which, although not lacking ingenuity, fail to accomplish the essential object, namely, to place the nominating machinery securely beyond the grasp of a well drilled and disciplined organization of unscrupulous politicians. The method adopted by the Citizens' Union, which consists in asking every citizen for his opinion as to whether he wishes a certain other citizen to be nominated as a candidate, appears to be the simplest, the most straightforward, and the most democratic plan. That it is the most perfect method for general introduction nobody will pretend. However, it admirably fits the situation of things in Greater New York. A man has been found who, in the estimation of many of his fellow-citizens, possesses in an exceptional measure those qualifications of character, ability, and experience which the Mayor of Greater New York should have. Those who think so request the voters of Greater New York, without distinction of party, to speak out if they are of the same mind. The formal presentation of the candidate will depend upon the response this request meets with. This proceeding is expected to result in the nomination of the best man for a very important office. Whether the same method would answer in a constituency less compact than that of Greater New York, or in a canvass not conducted on non-partisan lines, or with a candidate less conspicuously qualified for the place to be filled, may fairly be questioned. But as it answers our local conditions now, it may answer similar conditions again in the future; and its success in the present instance, although not solving the problem of a general reform of the nominating process, may at least serve to point out the direction in which the solution of that vital problem may be successfully sought. In this respect the present experiment in New York is of great importance to the whole country.

But now Mr. Platt steps in with his peremptory veto. He does not deny that the candidate in view, Mr. Seth Low, is the best man for the place. He does not suggest a man that would be a better, or even as good, a Mayor, or a stronger, or even as strong, a candidate. He simply proclaims through his agents that those who now speak of Mr. Low as a candidate for the Mayoralty, and who try to obtain the opinion of their fellow-citizens concerning that candidacy, are meddling with a business which is his and not theirs. And he causes a resolution to be passed in the Republican County Committee, declaring that "no candidacy can prove a unifying force among the friends of good government in this city which is formally presented prior to the meeting of the Republican city convention, or without regard to its action." What does this mean? Considering the indisputable fact that the Republican city convention will be merely a gathering of Mr. Platt's tools, bound to register and execute his decrees as to candidates as well as to policies, it means that unless the citizens of New York recognize his power to say first who shall be the candidate of "the friends of good government" for the Mayoralty, there shall be no union of such friends in this city, no matter how excellent the candidate presented by those citizens may be. There is something intensely grotesque in this assumption of dictatorship over the citizens of New York, which even those must appreciate who are craven enough to submit to it. It is made almost ludicrous by the fact that Mr. Platt is not even a citizen of Greater New York, but an alien among us, who votes in far-away Tioga County.

Mr. Platt evidently misunderstands the situation. When he speaks of "good government," every intelligent person laughs. What he aims at when he speaks of an anti-Tammany campaign is a municipal government ruled by the Republican organization of which he is the dictator. What the Citizens' Union aims at is simply good, honest municipal government, without regard to political parties. Mr. Platt, in fact, appeals to the citizens of New York to join him in an anti-Tammany movement for the benefit of his machine. The Citizens' Union appeals to the citizens of New York to join it not merely in an anti-Tammany movement, but in an anti-rascality, anti-corruption, anti-spoils movement—not for the benefit of any organization, but for the benefit of the city and of all the inhabitants thereof. When Mr. Platt speaks of opposing a union of the friends of good government unless it be effected upon terms dictated by him, he simply shows that, whatever he may say, he at heart approves of the notorious declaration of Mr. Lauterbach—that he would rather see the municipal government in the hands of Tammany than in the hands of men who, as city officers, will aim only at the public good without recognizing any obligation to the Platt machine. Of this the citizens of New York, and especially public-spirited Republicans, should take due notice.

Carl Schurz.



"THE IDOL OF THE TAVERN HABITUÉS WAS YOUNG BRANWELL BRONTË."—DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL.

AT THE SIGN OF "THE BLACK BULL."

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

ON a bold brow of the Yorkshire moors stands the Black Bull Inn, the acme or turning-point of the hill-side village of Haworth. The narrow, tortuous village street (lined on either side with walls and stone cottages of a uniform dingy gray) twists at all conceivable angles up the steep hill to the door of the inn, then widens and breaks into a dozen narrow lanes and byways, which wander erratically down the opposite slope.

The Black Bull itself is a square two-storied stone building, one of the oldest in the village, and stands within ten yards of the parish church.

Strange as this proximity may appear, it was by no mere accident, but dates back to the time when religious services for the dead were held in the church, after which the sorrowing friends adjourned to the inn, where the "arvil" (twin brother to the modern Irish wake) was held with all due solemnity and spirit.

The arvil was followed by foot-races—probably a relic of the ancient funeral games, though to modern eyes it would seem impossible for any being except a mountain-goat to race on such precipitous roads.

The interior of the Black Bull reminds one of Dickens's country inns. The cozy parlor, the flagged hallway overhung with Yorkshire hams, the old-fashioned bedrooms and great four-posted feather beds, the glass-enclosed bar with its presiding geniuses, all go to strengthen this resemblance.

Near the bar is the tap-room, the nightly resort of village worthies. This is a low-ceiled, unpapered apartment, with a row of gray wooden benches about the wall. One end is taken up by an open fireplace, in which hang a crane and blackened kettle. Near the ceiling is a frieze of dishes, warming-pans, and beer-mugs. A long table fills the centre of the room, and completes the furniture.

Here in the evening come the topers and boon companions of the hamlet, forming a more motley and picturesque gathering than could be found at an American bar.

Old men with the look of seedy English squires come to smoke blackened pipes, to drink mysterious hot beverages, and to play the oracle. Countrymen from the surrounding moors—large, deep-chested fellows in high boots, canvas coats, and corduroys—sit here discussing prize-fights, murder trials, and politics, while working-men in grimy clothes, caps, and neckerchiefs act as a sort of Greek chorus to the conversation.

Pint mugs of heavy English ale, liquor-glasses, etc., litter the table, each man's particular drink being set opposite him, thus forcing him to rise in order to reach it.

Many anecdotes of former life in the village may be drawn from the older men by judicious "treating." Most of these stories centre on the celebrated Brontë family, throwing side-lights on their lives—lights seldom found in any biography.

Old Mr. Brontë, the Vicar, has, for instance, come down to us as something of an ascetic, even as a recluse; but here stories of a different nature are told. He is said by old parishioners to have enjoyed the things of this world, and to have explained from the pulpit that they need not be too closely connected with those of the world to come. Acting on his own maxim, he frequently formed one of the tavern group; and an incident is told of his halting at the church door one Sunday morning to watch a fight between his favorite spaniel and a village cur. My informant goes on to say that "Owd Brontë said 'ee'd back 'is dawg for a sovereign!"

Whether or not this is apocryphal I cannot say, but simply repeat the story as it is told in the Black Bull assembly.

The Brontë sisters are well remembered, but are said to have been reserved, and to have mingled little with the villagers—Charlotte, author of *Jane Eyre*, being most popular among them.

But the idol of the tavern *habitués* was young Branwell Brontë, their ideal of all that was learned and famous. The large three-cornered chair from which he ruled the tap-room court is still shown to visitors, as is the window from which he was wont to make a hasty exit from the inn when one of his family came to inquire for him.

His name, outside the immediate neighborhood of Haworth, is almost unknown, yet in better circumstances he might have equalled, or even surpassed, his more famous sisters.

Brilliant, of mercurial temperament, full of aimless ambitions and misdirected genius, living in a family where such genius would be fostered, yet in circumstances that afforded no outlet to it, he was not altogether to blame for his mode of life. In an out-of-the-way country parsonage, with no railroad within four miles, with no associates of his own class, save for his quiet, unworldly sisters and for his father, who, outside of lesson hours, gave little thought to the lonely boy, what is more natural than that his social nature should have turned to the jolly companionship found at the Black Bull?

Here, then, he spent all his available time, drinking, and, by his ready wit and superior education, acting the demi-god to the village clowns.

When some stranger from London, arriving at the inn, lacked a companion to entertain him and to share his bottle, Branwell was sent for to fill the post—which he did, surrounded by a circle of admiring rustics, who listened open-mouthed while their hero talked fluently on philosophy, religion, politics, or whatever topic might arise.

His chief ambition was to go to the metropolis and become a literary man. He pored over London maps until he knew every street and byway, telling travelling Londoners of short-cuts and side streets they had never seen.

On reaching manhood he was at last enabled to see something of the world, in the capacity of tutor in a gentleman's family; not, however, before his early life at the Black Bull had set on him a never-to-be-erased stamp. This position as tutor he held for some time, and his family believed his hopes of success were to be realized, when suddenly he was dismissed, and came home in disgrace.

No other opening appeared, so he returned to his Black Bull associates; not now as an outlet for buoyant spirits, but, with the aid of opium, to drown sorrow. In this he so far succeeded as to ruin health and mind, giving up all active attempts to achieve fame as a *littérateur*.

He wrote, it is true, one or two poems and sketches, which he sent for criticism to Southey and Leigh Hunt, receiving from them letters of patronizing approval; but, beyond several contributions to the *Leeds Mercury*, his work never gained the public eye.

He also claimed part authorship of Emily Brontë's book *Wuthering Heights*, which claim may or may not be just. While it is generally believed that he had no share in writing this work, there can be no doubt that his own life supplied many incidents in it, and formed much of the character of Heathcliff.

The "fire scene" from *Jane Eyre*, too, is taken from an incident in Branwell's life.

A few of his literary efforts, worthy of the name, have come down to us, fragments typical of his own misspent life—that brilliant fragment of a never-attained whole.

"Poor, gay, moody, wildly excitable, miserable Brontë!" writes Francis Grundy, one of his early friends. "No history records your many struggles after the good—your wit, brilliance, attractiveness, eagerness for excitement—all the qualities that made you such 'good company,' and dragged you down to an untimely grave."

The same writer describes his personal appearance—an account verified by Yorkshiremen who remember him:

"He was insignificantly small—one of his life's trials. He had a mass of red hair, which he wore brushed high off his forehead—to help his height, I fancy; a great intellectual forehead; small ferrety eyes, deep sunk, and still further hidden by never-removed spectacles; prominent nose, but weak lower features. He had a downcast look, which never varied, save for a rapid momentary glance at long intervals. Small and thin of person, he was the reverse of attractive at first sight."

Yet, if report be true, this insignificant, odd-featured boy held a spell over all who listened to him—a spell that more than counterbalanced any ill impression made by his personal appearance.

His reading was perforce limited, and he could gain little knowledge of the world from those around him; yet, says another biographer:

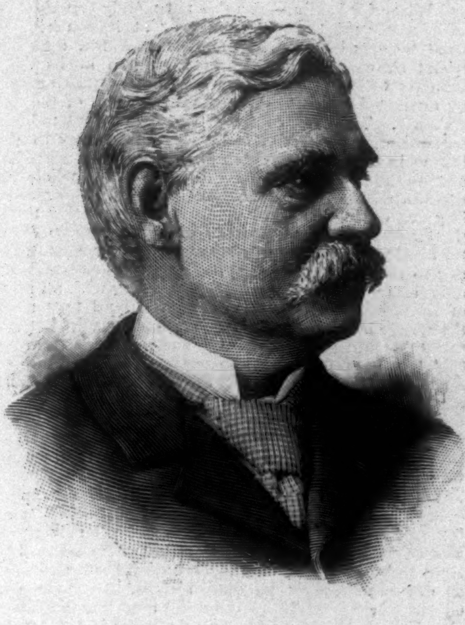
"He would measure any subject at a minute's notice, with the ever-ready fallacious plumb-line of his brilliant vanity. He would talk for hours; be eloquent, convincing, almost noble; and afterwards accompany his audience to the nearest public-house."

Similar accounts are given, in rougher language, by the old men of the place, one or two of whom make a feeble attempt to draw some moral teachings therefrom, but who, for the most part, still keep their old-time admiration for him. Nor is this admiration unnatural. The traditional diamond in a coal-mine was no farther beneath its proper element, and cast no more undue lustre because of its surroundings, than this misplaced genius.

After losing the tutorship he dragged on a worthless existence, weakened by liquor and opium, until 1848, when he fell ill, and, as the account goes:

"He insisted on getting up. If he had succumbed to the horrors of life, he would defy the horrors of extinction—he would die, as he thought no one had died before, standing."

So he demanded to be dressed, and, like some Celtic hero of old, when the death-struggle began, rose to his feet and died erect, leaving a name that may stand among the foremost of the world's countless might-have-beens.



JAMES T. KILBRETH.

THE LATE COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

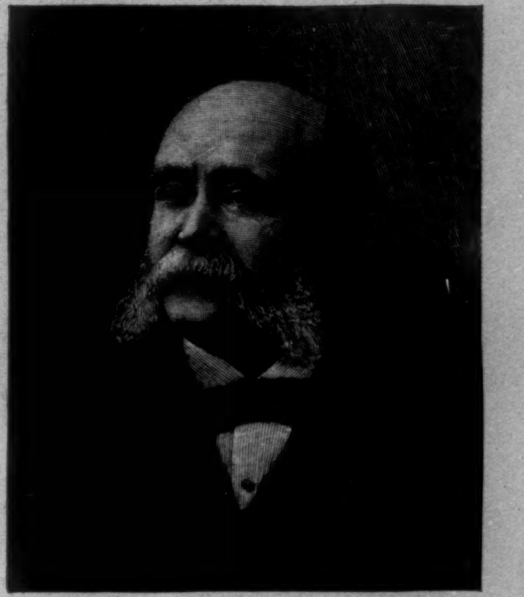
The death of Collector James T. Kilbreth, on June 23, at his summer home at Southampton, Long Island, deprives New York of one of her most faithful and popular officers. The Collector had been ill with an attack of pleurisy, from which he was recovering when he went to Southampton a week before his death. There pneumonia developed, and his condition immediately became critical.

He was born in 1841 in Cincinnati, and went from there in 1858 to Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1862, in the class of which Robert Lincoln was a member. After graduation he took the course in the Harvard Law School, and with that sound foundation of legal knowledge came to New York and began to practise his profession. He soon made himself a place in the community, and early distinguished himself by the vigor of his opposition to Tammany Hall. In the early days of his law practice he shared an office with Mr. O. P. C. Billings, a lawyer and a Republican member of the Board of Aldermen. In 1873, partly perhaps through the influence of Alderman Billings, but mainly because of his own character and fitness, he was appointed a police justice for the term of ten years. In 1883 he was reappointed by Mayor Edson; but in 1893, when his term expired again, Tammany being in power, he was not reappointed.

Judge Kilbreth, though always opposed to Tammany, was a Democrat; and in 1881, when the County Democracy was organized, he became its first vice-president. He continued to hold that place until the organization went to pieces in 1892. In that year he was a delegate to the State Democratic Convention in Syracuse, and interested himself in securing the support of New York State to Cleveland if he should be nominated at Chicago. When Mr. Cleveland became President the second time he appointed Judge Kilbreth Collector of the Port of New York, the office which he held at the time of his death. The appointment was popular with the Republicans and anti-Tammany Democrats, but distasteful of course to Tammany Hall, and a surprise to most politicians.

As Collector, Judge Kilbreth was efficient, just, and able, fully justifying the President's choice. His reputation as a public man, however, is chiefly based on his long and exceptionally noteworthy service as a police justice. From the first year he served, his ability and thorough equipment as a lawyer were recognized by his fellow-justices, who early chose him to preside in the Court of Special Sessions, relieving him of police-court assignments. In this court he made his reputation as a judicial officer whose rulings were just and well-found in legality. Litigants rarely complained of being unjustly treated by him, and his rulings were seldom upset.

Judge Kilbreth was a member of the Democratic Club, the New York Bar Association, and the Century and Harvard clubs of New York. In 1872 he married Mrs. Oudin, the widow of Lucien Oudin, of New York, and a sister of General Felix Agnus, of Baltimore.



GENERAL STEWART LYNDON WOODFORD.
Minister to Spain.

THE NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.

General Stewart Lyndon Woodford, our new minister to Spain, has been more or less active in political and public affairs since 1860, when he was a delegate from New York to the political convention which nominated Lincoln for President. He was born in New York in 1835 of Puritan stock long resident in Connecticut. When fourteen years old he entered Columbia College, but left in 1852 to join the Sophomore class at Yale. The following year he returned to Columbia, where he was graduated in 1854 with high distinction. It will be noticed how narrowly he escaped being a classmate of Ambassador White and many other distinguished men in the Yale class of 1853.

In 1857 he was admitted to the bar in New York. In 1860 he was a delegate, as noted, to the convention that nominated Lincoln, and the following year he was appointed Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, an office which he held about eighteen months, his special duty after the war began being the prosecution of cases of seizures under the blockade regulations. Resigning his office in 1862, he enlisted as a private in a New York volunteer regiment, and won rapid promotion, coming out of the war in 1865 as Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General. After Charleston was evacuated he was appointed military commandant of the department which included that city and Savannah, and organized the provisional government in charge of which they were placed.

Returning in 1865 to the practice of law, he declined in that year a nomination to a judgeship, but the next year, being still only thirty-one years old, he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State. In 1868 he declined a nomination for Congress, but in 1870 was Republican nominee for Governor against John T. Hoffman.

In 1872 he was a delegate to the convention which nominated Grant for his second term, and made the speech seconding the nomination. He was himself placed on the ticket as elector-at-large for New York. The same year he was elected to Congress from the Third District. From 1877 until 1883 he served as United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. At the Republican Convention of 1880 he nominated General Arthur for Vice-President. In 1882, being indignant at the means used to nominate Judge Folger for Governor, he refused to support him, and thus falling out with the ruling element in his party he ceased to hold public office, and devoted himself to his law business, in which, as a member of the firm of Arnoux, Ritch, & Woodford, he has been successful.

Of late years he has been again in harmony with the Republicans of this State, and Senator Platt is understood to have desired and urged his selection by President McKinley for a place in the cabinet.

General Woodford is very widely known as an eloquent public speaker, and is the author of many public addresses, and has been the orator of a great many occasions. One of his most noted speeches was his eulogy on General George A. Thomas.

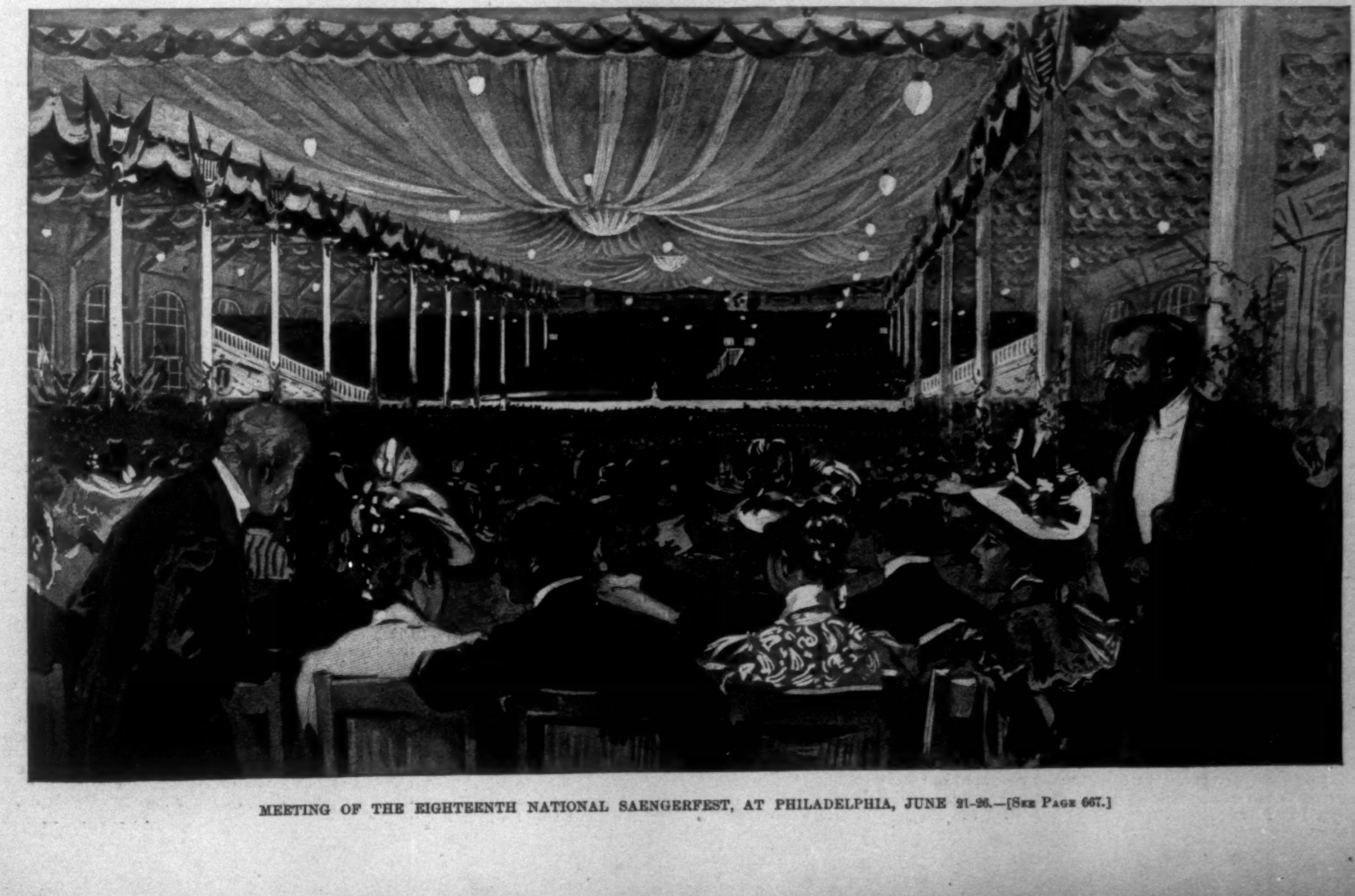
He was married in 1857 and has three daughters.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS' REUNION.

For the three days of it Nashville was ablaze with enthusiasm. All the week before it had been aflaunt with bunting, aglow with color. Naturally the red, white, and red was prominent, but everywhere intermingled with the red, white, and blue.

The old soldiers themselves would have insisted upon that had the will of their hosts inclined otherwise. The purpose of the Confederate veterans' organization is to perpetuate fraternity and patriotic pride in citizenship quite as much as to secure a proper historical presentation of their cause and the deeds done in its behalf.

Between twenty and twenty-five thousand of those who wore the gray gathered in the centennial city. Friends, kinsfolk, and spectators swelled the visiting throng to at least seventy-five thousand. The parade contained something like fifteen thousand men, mounted, on foot, and in carriages. It was led and marshalled by General W. H. Jackson, some time a Confederate cavalry-



MEETING OF THE EIGHTEENTH NATIONAL SAENGERFEST, AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21-26.—[See Page 667.]

man, now the owner of Belle Meade. It passed out Broad Street to West End Avenue, where it was reviewed by General Gordon, Governor Taylor, and some few thousand generals, colonels, and majors beside.

Before that came to pass, though, there had been other interesting happenings. The United Confederate Veterans' organization is made up of smaller bodies, known variously as camps and bivouacs. The bivouac is in a way peculiar to Tennessee, and differs from the camp mainly in the greater strictness of its requirements. There are now above a thousand of these subordinate organizations. The united body is governed by delegates chosen in proportion to membership.

Some three thousand of these delegates met in Nashville town to see about electing a successor to General Gordon, who has been from its inception the United Veterans' commander, and who had refused absolutely to be re-elected. But business was a secondary matter with everybody. There were so many other things there was not time for it. The good people of Nashville had opened their arms and hearts and homes—the men in gray owned whatever they chose to claim. By way of providing for them materially there was a reception committee three hundred strong and a restaurant where fifteen hundred could sit and eat comfortably at once. Lodgings too were provided for all in need of them. Then the musical people gave a free concert at the Tabernacle, which has a seating capacity of seven thousand odd, and the younger element got up a dance at the Capitol, where gray coats and gray beards were decidedly at a premium.

The procession was marshalled by States, South Carolina leading, and the rest following in the order of secession. This threw North Carolina next to last, barely in front of her daughter Tennessee. Each State had a young woman sponsor and a maid of honor. At the Centennial Auditorium, on Thursday afternoon, a speaker chosen from each one of the old Confederate States filled an allotted five minutes, and was held rigidly to time by the chairman of the committee of arrangements.

Of course the ladies were not content with so meagre a showing as sponsors and maids of honor afforded. Tuesday morning at ten o'clock, in the Capitol, the Daughters of the Confederacy met and made speeches to themselves. Mrs. M. B. Pilcher presided, and made an address of welcome.

There were special fireworks, the fall of Alamo among other things, and a Confederate jollification, and heaps of private functions. Best of all was the joy in the faces of the old soldiers. Men from the farthest extremes of the land met as brothers, and renewed the friendships of the trying bloody days. "It is the grandest reunion we shall ever have; next time a heap of us won't know anything about it," a man with an empty sleeve said as he stood in line.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, *June 12, 1897.*

While Congress is struggling to give paternal protection, without much reference to those who have to pay for it, I hasten to put in a plea for that small, scattered, and helpless section of mankind that writes for publishers, and has hitherto looked to posterity for its reward. Latterly I went to South Africa and wrote some articles upon that country. When I had partially recovered from the coast fever, which at Delagoa Bay effectually protects native industry, I commenced to receive a large number of letters. These were mostly from strangers in different parts of the world who had read Harper's Magazine, and consequently wished to go to the land of gold-mines and ostrich feathers. My correspondents usually commenced with complimentary expressions highly gratifying to the author's vanity—but they were costly. The letters bore insufficient postage, and the author was charged with the treble cost on each epistolary invoice. At first this was cheerfully paid, but when the doctor's bill had been presented, and the cost of an African fever estimated, I began to think that as between the Delagoa shakes and the postman's whistle there was but scant margin for preference. To answer all these letters was impossible, and perhaps I have made hundreds of enemies by treating with apparent coldness communications prepared by a heart overflowing with gratitude and thirst for knowledge.

For instance, a mother confides in me and says: "My son is a little wild, owing to no fault of his own. He was not successful in his examinations at college, though I am sure that with proper guidance he would distinguish himself. Would you kindly exert your influence to secure him a position in Johannesburg as manager of a mine or some such position of trust?"

How can I secure a position of trust to any one whom I do not know; and how can I explain to individual mothers that I cannot, with the best intention, assisted by a corps of speedy type-writers, give them satisfactory answers?

Then I receive a large number of under-paid letters from mercantile philanthropists, who say something like this: "Dear Sir,—My famous Fever-Fuge and Anti-Shake Specific has cured millions of malignant malaria, and with the help of God I propose to give the benefit of this truly missionary medicine to the suffering millions of Africa. What I want of you is a list of the Drug Stores in the places where they have the most malaria. Then please send me a list of the principal patent medicines used in South Africa, with the price. My stuff costs a dollar a bottle, but I can put it on the African market at ten cents. Please advise me as to the best means of advertising this in South Africa, and what commission you would like in case I offered you the Agency for that country. An early answer will oblige. Yours truly."

And here again I must suppress names, dates, and places, for my correspondent writes in good faith, and no doubt concludes that I am a selfish monopolist for not sharing with him the knowledge I presumably possess.

Why is it, I wonder, speaking of selfishness, that the American ambassador in London almost invariably draws upon himself the malevolent criticism of his own newspapers—particularly if he happens to make himself more than usually popular in England? John Hay, for instance, has just succeeded Mr. Bayard, and many people have remarked to me that it was a refreshing change—that Mr. Bayard had become corrupted by contact with the English aristocracy, that he had become un-American, that in John Hay we would have a true republican, who would show Englishmen a specimen of genuine Americanism, etc. John Hay, as the author of "Jim Bludsoe" and other literary things, is doubly welcome to England, first, because he is the visible representative of our republic, and secondly, he is an American man of letters. Since early childhood I have known him, and as an American feel proud that such men can be induced to accept public office on a salary that does not cover house-rent, let alone the entertainment of his official colleagues. Motley and Lowell were both hailed with journalistic enthusiasm when they were first appointed to London; both turned out to be snobs, on the same authority, before their respective terms had expired. John Hay comes to London with an official and social experience behind him almost unique in the annals of American public life, and opens the American embassy under auspices most favorable to success. Yet I venture to think that history will repeat itself, and that before this Jubilee year has passed away the papers that now sing in his praise will denounce him as having had his head turned by the British aristocracy.

Now why is this? We rarely bother our heads about the doings of our ambassador in Vienna, in Berlin, or St. Petersburg; in fact, we don't always remember who it is unless he gets his government into a scrape.

England is the only country whose language is intelligible to the men we usually send to represent us abroad, consequently the American ambassador is able to converse fluently with the distinguished people of this country, and is entertained more extensively than the minister of the United States to any other country. Our representative at Vienna or Berlin does not, probably, in the course of a whole year receive so many invitations to visit country houses as the American ambassador in London receives in the course of a single week. The social life of an American ambassador on the Continent, aside from half a dozen tiresome official functions, is limited to entertainments at which the principal rôle is played by American travellers, the inevitable American dentist, and such newspaper correspondents as happen to be handy. Paris is almost an exception, but hardly a serious one, when compared with London.

If there were not a single American in England, our ambassador here would still be rushed from morning to night if he accepted half the invitations extended to him by representative Englishmen. And if he attempted to return the civilities offered him by these people he would have his hands more than full. What, then, must his feeling be as a generous and well-bred American to find that there are hundreds and thousands of his fellow-countrymen who leave cards upon him and expect hospitality? Some of these people may be reasonable and may know the difficulties of John Hay's position. But the larger proportion, I am sure, particularly the large number of young ladies who have come to be presented at court, and incidentally to send home descriptive letters to the local newspaper, will be bitterly disappointed, and may reflect their outraged feelings in the columns of an indulgent press.

It is to an American the source of especial gratitude when on arriving at the capital of a strange country he finds the diplomatic agents of his government equal to their duties. Of course this does not refer to England, nor am I thinking merely of American tourists, who can usually manage well enough without ever going near their consul or minister. But the American agent of a mercantile house feels at once when his country is being well or ill represented, for he is frequently forced to submit papers which only his minister can draw up or endorse; and if this is done by incompetent men it is the American merchant who suffers.

To-day the German Emperor receives in particular audience the new ambassador Andrew D. White, and if William II. were not already an excellent English scholar he would discover, to his surprise, that the American representative speaks fluent and academic German. But as emperors are usually given the privilege of opening the conversation, and as the German Emperor speaks English with much satisfaction, it is possible that he may not discover how well Mr. White speaks German until he reads of it in Harper's Weekly.

We have now in Berlin one who recalls the great times of 1870–1, when the historian George Bancroft, though a simple minister, eclipsed the ambassadors of the other great powers by the dignity of his personal appearance and the eminence of his scholarship. Well do I remember the venerable historian rising at a great banquet in Berlin and astonishing his audience by a speech that was partly in English and partly in German for the benefit of the many Germans present. Nor was the German part less fluent than that which was addressed to his fellow-countrymen. Bancroft's house gathered together more that was interesting in Germany than probably any other at that time. The historians of Rome and Greece—Mommsen and Curtius—were his frequent guests; so were the great men of science, such as Helmholtz and Virchow. In those days the army and the government had not acquired the habit of calling people "unpatriotic" because they were "liberal," and men like von Bunsen were highly prized by even such extreme conservatives as Bismarck. In short, soldiers, diplomats, university professors, painters, men of light and leading in all branches of human activity, met under the roof of George Bancroft as they never have met since under the roof of any American embassy.

Mr. White is well fitted to revive those times, but the times of to-day are less favorable. Political bitterness is so much the fashion now that officials who pose for ultra loyal dare not shake hands in public with a Virchow or a Mommsen who is known to have opposed a government measure. But what can be done, that our ambassador will do, is to leave behind him when he retires from his post the memory of a real American who served his country well because he spoke in a language that all Germans understood, and because he did at least something to spread about him feelings of humanity in a time when militarism is dragging Europe nearer and nearer to barbarism.

It must become yearly more and more difficult for us to secure as ambassadors such good men as Hay for London and White for Berlin,—and this not merely because a good ambassador must spend each year at least three times what he gets in the way of salary. A few days ago a friend showed me a newspaper, printed in New York State, in which was a wholly false and disgusting calumny against John B. Jackson, first secretary of the Berlin embassy. The writer made frequent allusions to his own patriotism, and stated that he was on his way to Washington in order to enlighten our State Department in regard to the sort of man we required, etc. The whole article raised a wholesome laugh amongst those who know what is going on there, and especially who know that this particular writer was turned out of the American embassy for conduct unworthy of an American journalist. To me and to you the impudence of such utterance is ridiculous only, and we throw the paper away along with all thought of its writer. But when a German friend tells me that the writer has sent a copy to each embassy in Berlin and to all prominent officials at home and abroad, and that this has been done for the purpose of discrediting the American secretary in the eyes of Germans, then the matter changes aspect.

The American secretary is appointed by our Congress and President, and he represents the American flag and its interests abroad sometimes more even than a man-of-war. In Berlin our secretary, Jackson, is frequently left in sole charge of the embassy, and his duties are most complicated and heavy. He is up by sunrise every morning, and does a day's work almost as hard as that of the Kaiser. Not merely Germans, but Americans have a right to know if this man is a scoundrel and an impostor, as our newspaper "patriot" alleges. Germans call an editor to account if he defames a public servant, and should not our government do the same in the case of its agents who are far away and cannot adequately protect themselves? Nobody has asked me to say anything in this matter—nor was it necessary. It made my blood boil on hearing it. J. B. Jackson passed through Annapolis, served honorably in the navy, and left that service in order to enter diplomacy, where he began at the bottom, and has, after some ten years of hard work, acquired a training surpassed by no secretary in our service. He and his wife live in the happiest home relations,—and more is the pity that I must ask Harper's Weekly to publish these gossiping items merely to refute scandalous and malicious statements born of jealousy or spite.

I have heard successive ministers and ambassadors speak of Jackson—to say nothing of German officials and business men. They one and all recognize this secretary's fitness for his post, and wonder rather that he is not promoted to a higher one. We surely have enough inefficient diplomatic representatives to criticise without going out of our way to poison the mind of our government against excellent and hard-working men.

The great military Jubilee display is, I fear, an attempt on the part of certain English politicians to deceive the world as to the real military strength of the British Empire. Whenever England shall become involved in war with a great power, and this has not been the case since 1854, she will have to rely, not upon her scattered black, yellow, and brown auxiliaries, at the four corners of her colonial empire, but upon the army of regular English troops who are paid as professional soldiers. To-day this professional army is not what it pretends to be. It is not efficient in the German sense. Regiment for regiment, army corps for army corps, the English army cannot do what the German army does. In the first place, whenever English troops have been mobilized for an expedition such as that of Lord Wolseley up the Nile, or of Lord Roberts in some East Indian campaign, nearly half of the men, nominally soldiers, have been in hospital for a loathsome, contagious disease. We have laws protecting cows and pigs against contagion, but whenever such laws are invoked in England for the protection of soldiers there is an outcry against them from clergymen and a lot of sentimental people who do much mischief under the guise of philanthropy.

The British army is forced to accept as recruits young men of imperfect physical development, where the German army gets the very best of the whole people. The British officer is not the equal of the German in the higher walks of his profession. This is due largely to favoritism of a political or courtly character. We see in many places high up officers commanding whose physical infirmities make it almost impossible for them to sit on horseback, and others whose energies in the military line are limited to inspecting dress parades. The old Duke of Cambridge, who with the greatest possible difficulty has recently been forced to retire from the highest command in the British army, was notoriously unfitted for any military post higher than that of an inspector of buttons and shoe-lacings.

The English officer, man for man, is better stuff for leadership than the average German—though this seems to contradict what I have already said. The young Englishman who is brought up to every manner of reckless out-door sport enters the army with natural capacity for leadership. He can ride, shoot, and, if necessary, use his fists better than any man in his company or regiment, and the private in the ranks respects his officer as an honorable sport-loving gentleman, whether he be in or out of uniform. No army, not even our own, can produce a larger proportion of enterprising young officers ready to volunteer for any dangerous service anywhere, nor can any corps of officers produce men who have achieved greater distinction in leading small outfits successfully. But the German officer is superior in being one of a vast machine, all the parts of which, from the top to the bottom, work so smoothly that at any given moment the whole resources of the people are concentrated in one military effort. The army of England, on the contrary, is officered so unequally, is recruited so precariously, and the whole is administered with so little coherence, that the result of a great European war would be watched with grave apprehension by those who expect English troops to play a leading part. Physical pluck and chivalrous self-sacrifice are magnificent things in a soldier, and achieve wonders in our Indian wars on the frontier, as they do in the hundreds of little British expeditions amongst natives. But nowadays wars are decided, not by skirmishes so much as by the use of huge military machinery in the hands of organizing experts like Moltke and his equally deserving war minister Von Roon.

Poultney Bigelow.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Several people who got very widespread reputations in odd ways have lately died. One was Captain Boycott, late of County Mayo, in Ireland, who lent his name quite involuntarily to the English language. He was a squire in a small way and a land-agent, who had used harsh measures to collect agricultural rents in bad seasons, and happened to be the first person on whom was tried the recommendation of Mr. Parnell, who urged the Irish peasants to abstain from violence against landlords and land-agents, and instead to let them severely alone. Captain Boycott was let alone until he nearly starved, and "boycott" promptly took its place in the dictionary. He died, in London apparently, about June 21.

On the same day, in Germantown, Pennsylvania, died Christian K. Ross, known throughout this country as the father of Charley Ross, who was stolen from home on July 1, 1874, and was never heard of afterwards. It has happened to Philadelphia to furnish the two most famous mysteries of this generation. The fate of Charley Ross was one, and the other is the Keeley motor. After endless investigation at large cost, nothing definite has been ascertained about either. Mr. Ross lived to be seventy-four years old. For years he devoted the greater part of his time to the search for his son.

Father Kneipp, the inventor of the Kneipp water-cure, died at Woerishoven, Bavaria, on June 17. In his youth he was sickly, and the course of treatment to which he gave his name was first tested on himself. Its first principles seem to have been abstemiousness and abundant bathing, which are good things, and adapted to benefit a great many people. The system spread very widely. People of the first rank and fashion, royalties, and millionaires, tried it and profited by it in Europe, and even in New York within a year the newspapers have told of the Kneipp-curists who walk barefoot in the grass in the early morning in Central Park. Whatever merit there may be in the system, there is little doubt that Father Kneipp himself had excellent curative properties. He was well tested—once he treated the Pope—and maintained an excellent reputation as a priest, a man, and a physician.

Some men seem to have the *vis medicatrix* as a gift of nature. One such person, and a very remarkable one, was Francis Schlatter, whose bones were found the other day in the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre on the Puetas Verdas River, in Chihuahua, Mexico. It is only about a year since he disappeared from Denver, where throngs of people crowded to see him, and brought all sorts of sick people to him to be healed of their diseases. Schlatter may have been of unsound mind, but at least he was a pure-minded fanatic. There was nothing vulgar about him, nor any taint of self-seeking or charlatanry in his proceedings. So far as we know him, he was an unearthly creature, who attained about as near to the sublime and kept as distinctly clear of the ridiculous as any saint of his period. There was constant expectation that he would turn out to be either a fraud or an absurdity, but he didn't, and there was great dramatic propriety even in his end.

The Bacchante, rejected of Boston, has reached the Metropolitan Museum, and has been viewed with satisfaction by General Di Cesnola, secretary and director of the museum. There is no doubt that it has found a permanent home, though it may not be placed on exhibition until fall. This is the present status of the statue in the museum. Mr. McKim has presented it in a letter to Mr. Rhinelander, first vice-president and chairman of the executive committee. Mr. Daniel Huntington, chairman of the sculpture committee, has recommended its acceptance; and acting on his recommendation, President Marquand, Secretary Di Cesnola, and Treasurer Hitchcock have accepted it for the board of trustees. It still remains that the board, when it meets in the autumn, should confirm the action of its officers; but that is only a formality, as for sixteen years the board has never failed to retain whatever gifts its officers have accepted during the summer.

Mr. William Allen Butler's poem, read on June 12 at the fifty-fifth annual reunion of the "unexampled class of 1843," of the University of New York, is a model for such productions, and well able to bear comparison with the poems with which Dr. Holmes used to distinguish the annual dinners of the famous Harvard class of '29. We shall be fortunate if the annual crop of Commencement verse includes anything else as good.

The sympathy of the public is due to the trustees of Brown University in their embarrassment over certain opinions of their president. Everybody knows that President Andrews is a bimetallist who believes that silver should be coined as freely as gold. His views on the subject were freely quoted, and probably freely misquoted, during the late Presidential campaign, and all the silver orators, from Bryan down, pointed to him on all occasions as a learned man who had gone deep into the question of metal and money, and was convinced that the gold standard was oppressive and ill-advised. Neither the trustees of Brown nor any one prominently connected with the institution agrees with President Andrews in this opinion. They have a high regard for him as a man and as a college president, but they know that the great publicity which has attached to his silver sentiments has been a damage to the university of which he is the head. They have not said so, but it is known that it is very hard to raise any money for Brown while free-silver views are so conspicuously held there, and the university is understood to have lost some very large gifts because of the "pernicious activity" of Dr. Andrews. The trustees don't want to depose their president, whom they admire and like, and whose ability they value, but neither do they want to see their university suffer because of what they consider his wrong-headed views. So they are in a quandary, and propose to consult with Dr. Andrews himself as to the situation. He will return very soon from Europe, and then, agreeable to action taken by the trustees at a recent meeting, a committee will wait upon him, state the case, and request him to "modify his activity in behalf of certain economic questions." Very possibly he will resign; but, even if he does, it seems doubtful whether the trustees could afford to accept his resignation. Trying as the situation is, it would seem wiser for Brown University and Dr. Andrews to rub along together, in the hope that the time is close at hand when it will cease to be a matter of practical importance whether any one college president believes in the gold standard or not.

The active mind of Mr. Eugene V. Debs has devised "The Social Democracy of America," which, rising phœnixlike from the remnants of the American Railway Union, proposes to its members to conquer "capitalism" by making use of their political liberty and taking possession of public power. The proposition is that when the Social Democracy has got possession of the power it shall restore land, and all means of production, transportation, and distribution, to the people, and substitute a co-operative commonwealth for the present state of "industrial warfare and social disorder." The plan is to begin by concentrating the Social Democrats in some one State, until there are enough of them to dominate it, and then gradually to extend the organization into other States. The State of Washington has been suggested as as good as any to begin with, but the ways and means of concentration are still remote and vague, and the State-of-Washington people are not as yet much concerned.

It is held by some members of the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard that the society now takes in too few members, and should be recruited by a larger annual accession of scholars. The matter is under discussion in some of the Boston newspapers. It appears that for the last sixteen years the society has added to itself twenty-five members annually, choosing from each Harvard class the men who ranked highest in scholarship. In 1881, when this practice of electing a fixed number began, twenty-five men formed thirteen per cent. of the class. Now the classes are about twice as big as they were sixteen years ago, and the thirteen Phi Beta Kappa men constitute less than seven per cent. of their classes. It would appear to an outsider as if the propriety of electing more men was obvious, but last year the society voted against making any change. Members who are in seem willing that the distinction of membership should be enhanced by a policy of exclusiveness, but that policy involves the risk that the society may come to be so small, as compared with the size of the college, that it will cease to be representative and diminish in influence. In all college clubs and societies the danger of keeping too many men out should be as carefully considered as that of letting too many in. It is not so much the men who are kept out of such a society as the Phi Beta Kappa that make it strong as those who are taken in.

It is a blessed relief in a good many particulars to have the Jubilee over, the college boat-races rowed, and the Commencements completed, and to be able to settle down again to the resuscitation of good times and the usual occupations of summer. We have exercised our minds as much over the Jubilee as we well could over any transatlantic show. Our desire that the Queen might survive the celebration has been sincere, and not unmixed with anxiety. She seems to have pulled through famously, and though contradictory newspaper reports have left us groping as to the state of her eyesight, it is possible that in time we may get satisfactory information even about that. There may be some Americans who regret that they did not see the British Empire's Greatest Show on Earth, but the great majority of us have been fully content to read about it, and have rejoiced not to be jostled in the greatest crowd that London ever saw.

A new law in Massachusetts makes the possession of the skin or feathers of any bird which is protected by the laws of that State punishable by the same penalty as is imposed for killing the birds. This seems to mean that the guileless maid who buys her feathers of a milliner runs as much risk of fine or imprisonment as the hard-hearted man-with-a-gun who goes out and pots the bird. In a State where the schoolmaster is less comprehensively abroad than in Massachusetts this law might make trouble, but the presumption is that in the Bay State every schoolgirl is ornithologist enough to know which birds are protected citizens, and which are aliens and safe to wear. The ostensible purpose of the new law is to preserve the birds which eat the bugs which feed on the crops of Massachusetts, but the promoters of the law are not likely to grieve if it goes beyond that and discourages the wearing of feathers in hats altogether.

Professor Clement Smith, of Harvard, is to be the next director of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome, and Mr. Richard Norton will serve with him as Professor of Archæology. The third year begins on the 15th of next October. The students study inscriptions and old Latin, the topography and monuments of ancient Rome, and every sort of ancient art that the vicinity affords.

Mr. Richard Norton, who has been a professor at Bryn-Mawr, is the son of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, and is said to have inherited much of his father's gifts of discourse, as well as his inclination towards all things that are beautiful. It is interesting to know that another Norton is perfecting his knowledge of art and archæology, and qualifying himself to turn the practical American mind to the consideration of ideals and the things that make for culture.

One of the problems of the time, which has grown important as this country has developed in wealth and population, is how to live in several places at once. There are a great many people nowadays who have made fortunes in the West, who found the Western cities profitable and pleasant while they were comparatively poor and engrossed in business, but whose souls, now that they have made their several piles, hanker after the associations and amusements and opportunities of the big Eastern cities. Some of them want to live in New York; some in Washington. It is not that they like the Western cities less, but that they like the Eastern cities more, and can get more out of them for their money. Washington and New York are centres—Washington, of politics, government, and to some extent of science; New York, of wealth, trade, fashion, art, literature, music, and lots of other interests. The yearning for the life of Washington or of New York is the mark of a centripetal tendency which is reasonable and easily understood. The same thing appears in all rich countries. The well-to-do English try to spend part of the year in London; the French, in Paris. They do it, and keep their country homes besides. Our Westerners have a more difficult problem. They are much farther away from their social and political centres than most of the French or the English, and the idiosyncrasies of the American climate complicate their home-comings. Consider the case of the rich people of the great Ohio cities. The Cleveland man who has struck Standard oil, or politics, or something, and has become solvent beyond the dreams of avarice, develops a lawful desire to live at the centre of things, and builds a house in New York or Washington, which is his headquarters from November to May. He still has a house in Cleveland, but when is he going to live in it? Not in summer, for his neighbors who stay at home in the winter come East to the sea-shore in the summer. He may find Cleveland attractive in the late spring and the early fall, but the chances are that his family will tell him that it doesn't pay to travel so far, and open and close a house for such short periods. The upshot of it must tend to be that the shutters stay up on the Cleveland man's house in Cleveland, and that he lives elsewhere, and merely goes home to vote or on errands of business. And why doesn't he give it up altogether? Because considerations of trade or sentiment or of politics forbid. It pays to be a representative man and hail from somewhere, and Ohio is a good State to hail from.

The final outcome in each case of the conflict between the influences that call the Western man Eastward and those that claim him at home is interesting to watch. A newspaper paragraph dated Cincinnati, June 4, recorded, the other day, that Mr. Bellamy Storer, the new minister to Belgium, and his wife had bid a long good-by to their Cincinnati friends and started for Europe. It added:

> The Storers have decided for the future, when in this country, to make their home at Washington, where they have purchased a handsome residence. Mr. Storer will visit this city once a year to look after his interests. The mansion on Grandin Road, this city, has been dismantled.

Another paragraph from Cincinnati, of the same date and in the same newspaper (the *Sun*), reads:

> Mr. John R. McLean, newspaper editor and proprietor of this city, financier of Washington, and free-silver candidate of the State of Ohio, arrived from the Capitol this morning in his private car "Ohio." He took possession of the very large house at Pike and Fifth streets, which he has rented, fully furnished, for six months. Mr. McLean did not bring his family, to the great disappointment of many friends. He brought a corps of servants and a private secretary. He also brought along a complete literary bureau for the campaign in the persons of two of his able editorial writers. This is the first time in ten years that Mr. McLean has possessed a household here.

Mr. McLean is suspected of a willingness to represent Ohio in the Senate. News of another gentleman of a similar turn of mind is added to the effect that "Mr. Calvin S. Brice, of New York, Washington, and at odd bits of time Lima (Ohio), is side-tracked also in a private car somewhere in the State."

Evidently the situation of the ambitious Ohio man who lives in the East has its humorous side. Evidently too the private car simplifies it somewhat; but it is still complicated, and its developments are still worth watching. Some time Ohio may strike for resident representatives, and refuse to back an Ohio man's application for office unless he has permanent Buckeye roots, and agrees to live at home when his term expires.

Rumors that prevailed at one time that the White House under Major McKinley would be "dry" have proved to be unfounded. The President is said to be personally abstemious, but not a total abstainer. Wine is served at his entertainments.

New York will be a good deal better town after this summer's work in it is finished. The most important improvement that the summer will see will be the completion of all the work in Fifth Avenue, including the new asphalt pavement from Washington Square to Central Park. As soon as the Avenue is in order and the water begins to flow through the big new water-mains below its surface, the reservoir at Forty-second Street will begin to come down, and its site will be cleared for the library that is to supersede it.

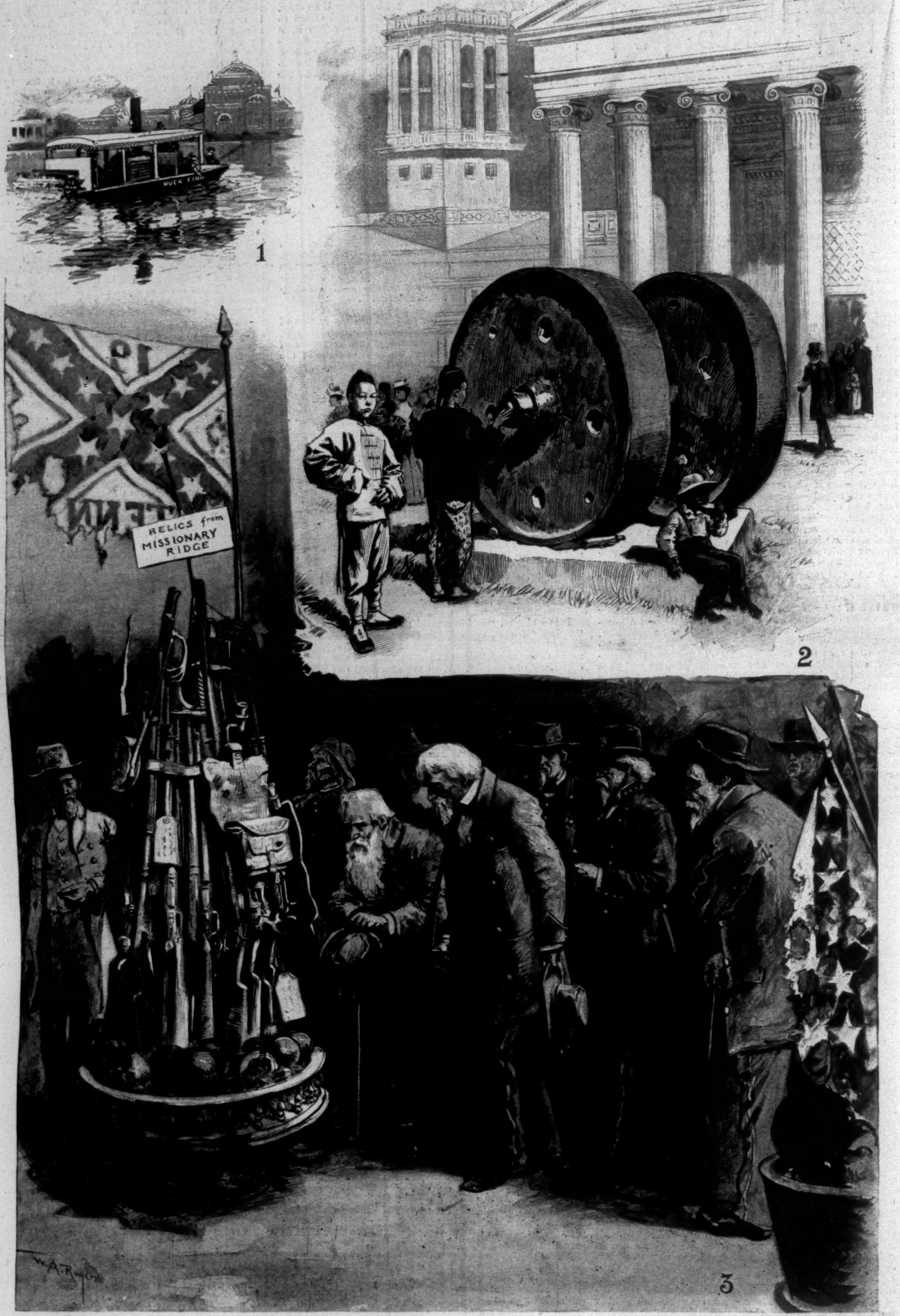
The recent completion of an asphalt pavement on First Avenue as far up as Eighty-second Street, which gives continuous good going on that street as far south as the street extends, is expected to relieve Fifth Avenue of much heavy traffic—beer-trucks, and the like—which have interfered with its usefulness as the great thoroughfare for carriages.

Work has begun again on the Cathedral of St. John, and it is hoped that it may continue until enough of the cathedral is finished for occupation. It will be remembered that in laying the foundation the cathedral builders struck a bed of soft stone unfit to build upon, which had to be dug out to a lamentable depth and at very unwelcome cost before the foundations at that point could be laid. The new work will all be aboveground and in sight, which will be a satisfaction to the public, and doubtless to the builders also.

A "constant reader" of this department of the **Weekly** protests against the recent occurrence in it of the "very inelegant expression 'on the street,'" and says, "You properly meet a lady, a man, a dog, '*in* the street.'" And yet it might be argued that a modern city street is as much a roof as a passage, and that it is pardonable to speak of being "on" a crust of flag-stones which have cellars, gas-pipes, water-pipes, steam-engines, and who knows what else under them. "*In* the street" be it, though, excepting possibly where Wall Street is concerned.

Other expressions this same critic finds fault with are, "That is all there is *to* it," and, "She wore blue flowers, *as did* her sister," the latter being especially execrated as of British derivation. What else ails it, if anything, is open to conjecture. It is pretty good ground for complaint against any set phrase that it is a set phrase. The ear tires of too familiar collocations of words, even when no special fault can be found with their arrangement.

E. S. Martin.


HUCK FINN
1
19
TENN
RELICS from MISSIONARY RIDGE
2
W. A. Rogers
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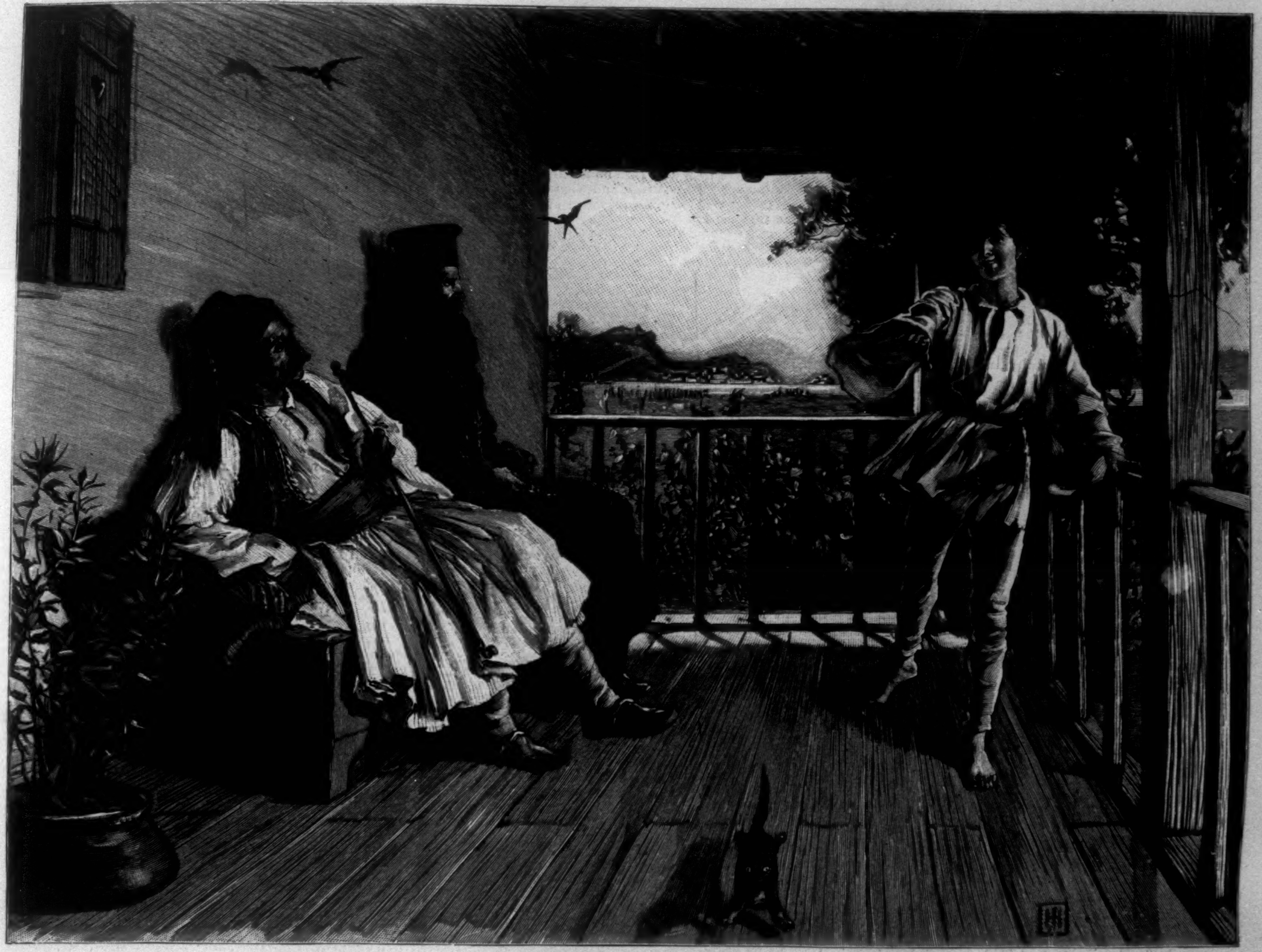
THE REUNION OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, JUNE 22-24.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

1. The *Huck Finn* on Lake Watauga. 2. Powder-Wheels, Relics from a Confederate Powder-Mill. 3. Relics from Missionary Ridge in the Railway Terminal Building.



"THE VINTAGE."

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

NAUPLIA, huddled together on the edge of its glittering bay, stood empty-streeted beneath the hot stress of the midsummer noon, and even from within the houses came no sound of life. Down the middle of the main street lay a yellow ribbon of scorching sunshine, and the narrow border of sharp-cut shadow spoke of the South.

Two or three irregular lines of houses led up from the quay into the square, in which stood a couple of cafés and a few Greek shops; but two of the four sides were taken up with the quarters of the Turkish garrison. All along the north side ran the barracks of the common soldiers, two-storied buildings of brownstone, with small grated windows, which held the two companies of men who were stationed in the town itself, less fortunate in this burning weather than the main part of the garrison, which was quartered in the airier fortress of Palamede behind, overlooking the town from the height of five hundred feet. Down the west side of the square came the quarters of the officers who were in command of the town garrison, and next to them the prison, full to overflowing of the native Greeks.

Two other narrow streets led out of the square eastward towards the base of the Palamede, one of which, passing through the gate in the wall of Byzantine fortifications, and striking along between the mountains and the bay, soon became a country road. The spring had been dry, and already, though it was only June, the country was yellow and parched. Only the aloes and cactuses which formed the hedge on either side were still green, and even the cactus fruit, matured too early, was withered and worthless.

This road, like the square, was absolutely empty, and lay equally dust-ridden and silent but for a few cicales in a line of white poplars which broke the monotony of the cactus hedges at one point, which clicked and whirred as if the sirocco was the most invigorating of winds; for the sirocco was beginning to blow up from the south, and raised mad little whirlwinds of dust, which danced across the road and over the fields in hot, unresting eddies. The hills of Argolis to the north were already getting dim and veiled with the dusty wind and losing themselves in an ague of heat.

A mile further down the road stood a small wine-shop, in front of which stood a rough wooden portico, open to the air on three sides, and roofed with boughs of oleander, plucked leaf and flower together. A couple of rough stools and a rickety table stood in the shade in order to invite passers-by to rest and so to drink, and the owner himself was lying on a bench under the house wall, fast asleep. A surly-looking dog of no particular breed guarded his slumbers in the intervals of his own, and snapped at the flies.

Directly opposite the wine-shop, on the other side of the road, stood a whitewashed house, built in a rather more pretentious style than most Greek peasants' houses, and surrounded by a garden, to which a row of white poplars gave a certain look of coolness and privacy. A veranda ran around two sides of it, floored with wooden planks, and up the wooden pillars by which it was supported streamed long shoots of flowering roses. A low wooden settee, covered with coarse matting, stood in the shade of the veranda, and on it were sitting two men, one of whom was dressed in the black cassock of a priest, both silent.

Then suddenly out of the stillness came a human sound, and a small gray cat rushed round the corner of the veranda, pursued by a great long-limbed boy, laughing to himself. He was dressed in a white linen tunic and tight-fitting linen trousers; he had no shoes, no stockings, and no hat. He almost fell over the settee before he saw any one was there, but then he stopped, still laughing.

"She was after the fish," he explained, "and I tried to catch her. She shall taste a slapping!"

One of the men looked up at the boy and smiled.

"You'll get a mischief if you run about in the sun at this time of the day," he said. "Come and sit here. But shake hands with the priest, Mitsos, and ask his blessing."

Mitsos knelt down, and the other man put his hand on the boy's rumpled black hair.

"God make you brave and good," he said, "and forgive all your sins."

"Now sit down, Mitsos, and don't run about so much. Who stepped in a puddle?"

The boy's face, which had grown grave as he received the priest's blessing, dimpled into smiles again.

"Why, my cat Psepseka," he said. "The greedy woman was going down to the cellar, where I put the fish, and I waited quietly and caught her by the tail. She spit at me like a she devil. Then she scratched me; therefore I let go. But soon I shall catch her again, and she will pay for it all."

He held out a big brown hand, down which Psepseka had scored three red lines.

"What a fierce woman!" said his father. "But you're too big to run after cats. You're eighteen now, Mitsos, and your uncle comes here this evening. He'll think you're a boy still."

The boy looked up from the examination of his hand. "Uncle Nicholas?" he asked.

"Yes. Go and wash your hand, and then lay the table. Put some eggs to boil, and get out some bread and cheese, and pick some cherries."

Mitsos got up. "Will the father eat with us?"

"Surely; and put your shoes on before you come to dinner."

Mitsos lingered a moment. "And you will tell Uncle Nicholas I have been good, so that he'll take me out shooting?"

"Do you remember what Uncle Nicholas said to you when he was here last?"

The boy flushed. "Yes."

"What was it?"

"Not—not to ask questions, and to do at once all I was told to do." And, without waiting, he was off into the house.

The priest looked up at Mitsos's father as the boy disappeared. "He is full young yet," he said.

"So I think, and so I expect Nicholas will think. But he is a good lad, and he can keep a secret. He is strong, too; he walked from here to Corinth last week, and came back next day; and he is growing like the aloe flower."

The priest rose, and looked fiercely out over the garden. "May the God of Justice give the Turks what they have deserved!" he said. "May He send them bitterness to eat and blood to drink! May their children be fatherless, and their wives widows! They have no mercy; may they find none. The curse of a priest of God be upon them!"

Mitsos's father sat where he was, watching him. Eleven years ago Father Andréa had been obliged to make a journey to Athens to settle about some property of his wife's, who had just died, and, if possible, sell it. He had taken with him his only daughter, a girl of five or six years of age, pretty even then, and with promise of wonderful beauty to come. On his way there, just outside Athens, he had been attacked by a body of Turks, and after a desperate, hopeless resistance had been left on the road more dead than alive, and his daughter had been carried off, to be taken, no doubt, and trained for some Turkish harem. He had lain there stunned for some time, for when he came to himself the day was already reddening to its close, and the shadow of the hills of Daphne had stretched itself across the plain to where he lay. Wounded and bleeding as he was, he had dragged himself to Athens, and staid there for weeks, until his hope of ever finding his daughter again had faded and died. Since that time one thought and one only possessed his brain, a thought which whispered to him all day and shouted to him in sleep—the lust for vengeance; not on one Turk alone, on those who had carried Theodora off, but vengeance on the whole of that race of devils. For ten years he had thought and schemed and worked, at first with nothing more than wild words and bloody thoughts, but of late in a soberer belief that his day would come; for organized schemes of throwing off the Turkish rule were on foot, and though they were still things only to be whispered, it was known that agents of the Club of Patriots were doing sure and silent work all over the country.

Father Andréa was a tall, finely made man, and, to judge from his appearance, the story that he would tell you how he and his family were of pure Greek descent might have been true. He came from the southwest district of Argolis, a rough, mountainous land, where the Turks had never penetrated. His father had died five years before; but when Andréa went to tell of the capture of his daughter, he had turned him out of the house and refused to see him again.

"A child is a gift which God has given to the father," said the old man. "It were better for him to lose himself than lose God's gift. And we, one of the few families who have not mixed with that devil's brood—we are fallen even as others. You have brought disgrace on me and on our dead, and I would sooner have seen you dead yourself than hear you tell me this."

"They were six to one," said Andréa, "and they left me for dead. Would to God they had killed me!"

"Would to God they had killed you," said his father, "and her too!"

"The fault was not mine; will you not forgive me?"

"Yes, when the fault is wiped out by the death of Theodora?"

"Of Theodora? What has she done?"

"She will grow up in shame and mate with devils. Go."

Five years passed before they met again; but one day Andréa's father, left lonely in his house, moved by some vague desire which he hardly understood himself, saddled his mule and went to Nauplia. He was very old and very feeble, and perhaps he felt that death could not be far from him. And to Andréa's cry of welcome and wonder, "I have come to you, my son," said the old man. "We are better alone, and—and I am very old."

Day by day the old man used to sit looking up and down the road for Theodora. There was a bend in it some quarter of a mile further up, and sometimes, when the spring days were warm, he would hobble up to the corner, and sit waiting for her there, where he could command a longer stretch of country. But Theodora came not, and one evening, when he came back, he sank into a chair, without strength, and called Andréa to him.

"I am dying," he said, "and this is no time to waste idle words. When Theodora comes back, tell her I waited for her every day, and I should have liked to see her again. And if you find it hard, Andréa, to forgive her, forgive her for my sake, for she was very little, and the fault was not hers; it is not yours, either. But if, when the day comes, you spare your hand, and do not take vengeance on the Turks to the uttermost, then may my ghost tear you limb from limb and give you to the vultures and the jackals!" The old man rose from his chair. "Vengeance!" he cried. "Death to man, woman, and child! Smite and spare not, for you are a priest of God, and they are of the devil! Smite! smite! avenge!"

He sank back in his chair again, his head fell on to his shoulder, and his arms rattled against the wood-work; and with vengeance on his lips, and the desire of vengeance in his heart, he died.

From that day a double portion of his spirit seemed to have descended on Father Andréa. One hope and one desire ruled his life—to wipe out from Greece the whole race of Turks. To him innocent or guilty mattered not; they were of one accursed brood. But though the longing burned like fire within him, he kept it in, choking it, as it were, with fresh fuel. He would not risk a premature experiment for the sake of an earlier but incomplete revenge. He was willing to wait till all was ready, till the net was so drawn round them that escape was impossible. And then, vengeance, in the name of God.

Mitsos meanwhile had induced a small charcoal fire to heat some water, and he went to fetch the eggs. He devoted some amount of anxious thought as to the number which he had better boil. His father usually ate two, the priest never ate more than one, and he himself invariably ate as many as he could possibly get. He looked at the basket of eggs thoughtfully. "It is a hungry day," he said to himself. "Perhaps father might eat three, and perhaps Father Andréa might eat two. Then I am allowed three. That makes eight."

Mitsos drew a sigh of satisfaction as he thus compounded with his conscience, and his eyes began to smile; his mouth followed suit, and showed a row of very white teeth.

"It is such a pity that I am always hungry," he said to himself; "but when Uncle Nicholas measures me he will see I have grown."

And putting the eight eggs into the pot, he ran off to pick the cherries.

For the last year both Mitsos and his father had worked the little land he owned like common laborers. Two years before, a Turkish Pasha, Abdul Achmet by name, in passing through the country, had been struck by the wonderful beauty of Nauplia, and had built a house on the shore of the bay. The land belonged to Constantine, Mitsos's father, and the Turk had promised him a good price for it. At the same time he intimated that if he would not take a fair price for it he would get no price at all. The money, of course, was still owing, and on Constantine's old vineyard stood the house, now finished. Abdul Achmet, who was Governor of Tripoli, came here with his harem every year for the summer months; and on warm evenings the women were often seen in the garden looking over the sea-wall which separated it from the bay—a wall some ten feet high—over which creepers sprawled and bloomed.

Abdul himself was a fat, middle-aged Turk, slow of movement and sparing of speech. In mind he was Gallio-like, and his neglect to pay Constantine the money he owed him was as much due to negligence as to the ineradicable instinct to avoid any payment at all. His harem were for the most part left to themselves, and allowed to wander about the garden as they pleased.

Constantine had applied several times for payment, but his application probably never reached Abdul. He was a Greek of the upper peasant class, like his race thrifty and industrious; but now, between the loss of his vineyard and the gradual increase of taxation, he found it difficult to do more than live sparingly. He and Mitsos worked all the spring with the laborers in the harvest-field, and in the autumn, when they had finished making the wine from a half-acre of vines still left them, as laborers in the neighboring vineyards.

Constantine felt the change in his position acutely. Instead of being a man with men under him, he was himself obliged to work for his bread; and what made it more bitter was that it was by gross injustice and by no fault of his own that he was thus reduced. Every year the taxation became more and more heavy; only six months before he had been obliged to sell his horse, for a new tax was levied on horses; and all that remained was an acre or two of ground, a pony, his house, and his boat. But of late he seemed to have taken up a patient, uncomplaining attitude, which puzzled the discontented Greeks whom he met at the cafés. While others grumbled and cursed the Turkish soldiery beneath their breath, Constantine would sit with a quiet smile on his lips, looking half amused, half indulgent. Only two nights before, a neighbor had said to him, point-blank:

"You have suffered more than any of us. Why do you sit there smiling? Are things so prosperous with you?"

The question was evidently premeditated, for the two or three men sitting round stopped talking and waited for him to reply.

Constantine knocked the ashes out of his chibouk before replying.

"Things are not prosperous with me," he said, "but I am a man who can hold his tongue. This I may tell you however—Nicholas comes here in three days."

"And then?"

"Nicholas will advise you to hold your tongue too. He will certainly tell you that, and he may tell you something besides. I am going home. Good-night, friends."

And now when Father Andréa was cursing the Turks in the name of God, though Constantine crossed himself at that name, he watched him with the same smile. Then he said:

"Father Andréa, forgive me for reminding you, but Nicholas does not like too much talk. He says that talking never mended a matter. You know him. In these things he is not a man of many words, save where it serves some purpose."

The priest turned round.

"You are right and wrong," he said. "Nicholas is a man of few words, but I have made a vow that for every time the sun rises, and at every noonday and every sunset, I will curse the Turk in God's name."

Constantine smiled again.

"Well, here is Mitsos. Do not curse before the boy. Mitsos, is dinner ready?"

Mitsos wrinkled up his forehead till his eyebrows nearly disappeared under his curly hair.

"Yes, it is ready, but I can find one shoe only."

"Well, look for it."

"I have looked for it," said the boy, "but I can't find it. And I ache for emptiness."

He raised his eyes appealingly to his father, but Constantine was firm.

"You must find it first," he said. "Come, father, let us go in."

Father Andréa followed him, leaving Mitsos alone and disconsolate.

CHAPTER II.

An hour later Mitsos, having found his shoe and eaten his dinner, was curled up in the shady corner of the veranda, fast asleep. He had been out fishing most of the night before, and as the harvest was over, there was nothing to do except to water the vines when the sun was off the vineyard. He slept, as his father said, like a dog—that is to say, he curled himself up and fell into a light sleep, from which any noise would rouse him as soon as he shut his eyes.

He was an enormous boy of the Greek country type, with black curly hair coming down on to his shoulders, straight black eyebrows, long black eyelashes, and black eyes. His nose was short and square-tipped, his mouth the fine scornful mouth of his race.

His hands and face were of that inimitable color of which sun, wind, and rain alone know the secret—a particular soft, tawny brown, shading off a little round the eyes and under the hair. As he slept with his head thrown back, you could see the sharp line of his neck where the tanning ended and the white covered skin began. He had that wholesome out-door look which is the birthright of men whose fathers and grandfathers have lived in the open air all their lives from sunrise to sunset, and who have followed the same course of life themselves. He had kicked off his shoes again, and his hands were clasped behind his head, and what would at once have characterized him to any one who knew anything of the Greek peasant race was that his hands and feet were both spotlessly clean.

He slept for a couple of hours, and was awakened by the sunlight creeping round the corner of the veranda and falling on his head. At first he rolled over again with his face to the wall, but in a few minutes, realizing that it was no good to temporize, he got up and stretched himself lazily and luxuriously, yawning the while. Then he went round to the stone fountain which stood at the back of the house, and plunged his head into the bright cool water to finish the process of awakening, and taking his spade, went off to the vineyard.

The stream which passed through the garden ran along the edge of a little raised aqueduct banked up with earth to keep it to its course. It passed between small vineyards on each side down as far as the shore of the bay, where it ran out, making for itself a small delta-shaped bank of soil. Each of the vines stood in a small depression in the ground, and Mitsos first cleared the water channels in the vineyard of all encumbrances, so that when he let the water in it might flow to them all. Having done this, he went back to the stream and removed a foot or so of the bank, which he placed in the bed of the stream itself, stamping it down to keep it firm, so that the whole of the water was diverted into the vineyard. Standing as he did, a few feet above the surface of the vines, he could see when the water had reached them all, and then letting his temporary dam be carried down stream, he quickly dug a couple of spadefuls of earth to fill up the hole he had made in the bank. Then jumping down into the vineyard again, he hoed away round the roots of the vines so that the water might sink well in close to them, for there had been no rain for weeks, and they had to be thoroughly watered.

The sun was off the land, but it was still very hot, for the sirocco had increased in violence, and was sweeping over the fields like a hot breath from a furnace. Wherever there was any shelter for it, the rich dark green of the vine leaves was powdered over with the fine white dust driven up from the bare harvested fields. Mitsos stopped now and then to wipe the sweat off his forehead, but otherwise he worked hard and continuously, whistling or singing to himself.

His work was nearly done, when he saw his father coming towards him. Constantine stood for a moment on the edge of the bank, looking at what the boy had been doing.

"Poor old Mitsos," he said, "you have had to work alone to-day. I was obliged to go into Nauplia. You have watered the vines very well. You have finished, have you not?"

"There are three more vines here," said Mitsos, "which I haven't dug yet. But it won't take long."

His father stepped down into the vineyard.

"You can go and sit down," he said. "I'll finish those."

Mitsos threw down his spade.

"Oh, how hot it is!" he said. "Uncle Nicholas will be roasted coming across the plain."

"He will want a bath," said Constantine. "Do you remember his making a bath last year out of those spare planks? I suppose it holds water still?"

"I wish it didn't hold so much," said Mitsos. "It holds six cans."

Constantine laughed.

"And Mitsos's back will ache?"

"I hope not; but it is no joke carrying six cans of water from the fountain."

Constantine worked on for half an hour or so.

"There, that is finished," he said at last. "You won't go fishing to-night, will you? The wind is too strong."

"It may go down at sunset," said Mitsos; "but there's enough fish for to-night and to-morrow night if this hot weather doesn't turn it. But I put it in the cellar in water, and I expect it will keep."

They walked back together; but as soon as they got on to the road they saw that three mules were standing opposite the house. Constantine quickened his pace.

"Nicholas must have come," he said. "I can't think how he has got here so soon. Come, Mitsos."

The veranda was full of boxes and rugs, and the two went through into the house. A man was sitting on a low chair by the window, cleaning his nails with immense care. As they came in he got up.

"Well, Constantine," he said, "how goes it? I have just come. And Mitsos? Mitsos, you have grown. I will give you a hundred piastres when you are as tall as your father. It's the devil's own day, Constantine, and I am full inside and out of this disgusting dust. May I have a bath at once? Mitsos, we made a bath together. The mulemen will help you to fill it." He laid his hand on Mitsos's shoulder. "You look as fine as a mountain hawk," he said. "Get me plenty of water, and give me ten minutes to get clean, and you must come and talk to me while I dress."

Mitsos left the room, and Constantine turned to his brother-in-law.

"Well?" he asked.

"He is a fine boy," said Nicholas. "I must see if he can be trusted."

"I would trust him with every penny I possess," said his father, eagerly.

"In the face of fear?"

Constantine laughed.

"He does not know what fear is."

"That is a pity," said Nicholas, "for the bravest men have to learn that. No one can be brave until he is desperately afraid. However, we shall see."

Nicholas finished cleaning his nails, and put his knife into his pouch. He was dressed like Constantine, in Albanian costume, with a red embroidered jacket, a very ample fustanella, and white leggings tied with tasselled ends. He was tall and spare, and his face seemed the face of a man of forty who had lived very hard, or of a man of fifty who had lived very carefully. In reality he was nearly sixty. He was clean-shaven and very pale in complexion, like a man who had never lived an out-door life; but you might have been led to distrust such a conclusion if you remarked the wonderful clearness and freshness of his skin. His eyes looked out deep from under a broad bar which crossed his forehead from temple to temple. They were large and dark gray in color, and gathered additional depth from his black eyebrows. His nose was extremely finely cut, tending to aquiline, with thin curved nostrils which seemed never still, and reminded one sometimes of the movement of the nostrils of some well-bred dog searching out some faint trail of scent. His mouth was very thin-lipped, almost womanly in its delicate lines. His hair, still thick, and growing low on his forehead, was just—but only just—touched with gray above the temples. His head was set very straight and upright on a rather long neck supported on two well-drilled shoulders. In height he could not have been less than six foot three, and his slightness of make made him appear almost gigantic.

"I have travelled from Tripoli to-day," he said, "and there is much to tell you. At last the Club of Patriots have put the Morea entirely into my hands. I have leave to use the funds as I think fit, and it is I who shall say the word for the vintage of the Turk to begin. Is there any one here that you can trust, or are they all mules and jackasses?"

"Mostly mules," said Constantine.

"The mule is a useful animal," remarked Nicholas; "but one does not choose him for the initiative. He follows where he is led, but some one has to lead. By-the-way, is there not a priest here—Father Andréa, I think. I should like to see him. As far as I remember, he talked too much."

"He curses the Turk in the name of God three times a day," said Constantine.

"An innocuous proceeding, as far as the Turk is concerned, but not to be encouraged. He must learn to bless them instead, or, best of all, to do nothing. Well, Mitsos, is the bath ready? You will excuse me, Constantine, but I am acutely uncomfortable when I am dirty. I am dirty now. Come to my room in ten minutes, Mitsos, and tell me about yourself."

"May I?" said Mitsos.

"Surely. By-the-way, Constantine, I have brought you some wine. Mitsos had better put it in the fountain; it must be tepid. Tepid wine saps a man's self-respect; and if a man, or a boy either, doesn't respect himself, Mitsos, nobody will ever respect him."

Mitsos followed him out of the room with his eye, and then turned to his father. "My hands are so dirty from that vine-digging," he whispered; "do you think Uncle Nicholas saw?"

"He sees everything," said his father. "Go and wash before you go up to his room."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

OBIIT 1896.

From a poem read at the dinner of the Harvard Class of 1877, in Boston, June 29, 1897.

HARD hit? Ah, yes! denial's vain—
Far from our thoughts and wishes too.
Stripped of our best, we meet again
To share a cup that's tinged with rue.
Dear man, how proud he made us all!
Our honest statesman, patriot, mate,
Whose very rivals lived to call
His death a mischief to the State!

With shining eyes we watched his course
Impetuous to an early goal;
A man of an inspiring force,
Whose pockets could not hold his soul!
Who strove without surcease or fear,
Nor from his task withdrew his hand,
Until the fame of his career
Edged the far corners of the land.

His head was clear, his heart was good,
His speech was plain without pretence;
Men trusted him as one who stood
For honesty and common-sense.
Ah! not unshared is our distress,
Nor here alone is missed his face;
A million freemen, leaderless,
Still wonder who shall take his place.

E. S. MARTIN.

CURRENCY REFORM THE NEXT ISSUE.

CONGRESS must soon determine what course it will pursue to solve the currency problem. It has been proposed by the Indianapolis Convention to appoint a commission of outside experts to make a report on the subject. As the President would be obliged to place amongst their number some bimetallists, perhaps an outspoken silverite or two, this measure would probably engender a feeling of uneasiness, even if a majority of the commission were in favor of the single gold standard. Their findings could not have much influence unless Congress were to agree in advance to abide by them, whatever they might be. Some fifteen years ago a commission appointed to revise the tariff recommended, after a long and careful consideration, that rates should be horizontally reduced: Congress immediately decided to raise them!

There is reason to believe that Mr. Gage, our Secretary of the Treasury, one of the best financiers of the country, has a plan, which the President will probably recommend to the favorable consideration of both Houses as soon as the tariff has been disposed of.

When the Republicans found themselves in a majority in the Fifty-fourth Congress, the Committee on Ways and Means immediately began to frame the Dingley bill. After tedious debates, it has not yet been disposed of, so that we can hardly expect other important measures to be taken up during the present session. But sound-money men of all parties who voted the Republican ticket have a right to expect that as soon as the question is brought before them both Houses will instruct their committees to be as diligent in the preparation of a bill for currency reform as they were in getting ready for the tariff. The Committee on Banking and Currency, of the House, and the Finance Committee of the Senate, or special committees to be appointed, should make inquiries into the needs of the different sections of our country, study the systems successfully applied by foreign nations, and recommend in December next to Congress what they consider the best measures.

It has become painfully evident when questions of national importance are under consideration that, in consequence of our system of local representation, representatives of rural districts are apt to obey the mandates of their immediate constituents, even when they are at variance with the best interests of our community as a whole. Daniel Webster said, in a speech on the Louisville Canal, in answer to the opposition, "Whoever would do his duty, and his whole duty, in the councils of this government, must look upon the country in its whole length and breadth."

In England a Yorkshireman may become member of Parliament for the metropolis, and *vice versa*, in consequence of which each member considers himself a representative of his country rather than of his district. When measures involving special, technical knowledge become necessary a committee is appointed to take testimony of experts; on such testimony and upon personal investigations were the reports based which made the economic law of Great Britain an example for the world. What is useful there becomes necessary here, where the diversity of conditions of one section is seldom known and hardly ever appreciated by representatives of other sections. Few Eastern men have any conception of the difficulty a Colorado miner encounters when he must raise money on the most promising claim to make it productive; or a fruit-grower, when he must pay for irrigation, without which his land in California would remain barren.

On the other hand, men from the far West misjudge the caution and denounce the methods of Eastern money-lenders; ignorant of the first principles of banking, they have yet to learn how their wants can best be met.

Let Congress, before it adjourns, make liberal appropriations for its committees to take testimony, on the spot, of the farmers in the West, the manufacturers and planters of the South, the bankers and merchants in our money centres, and experts everywhere.

Inquiries should not be confined to this country; men-of-war like the *Minneapolis* could find no better employment than by a mission of peace in taking the committees where they may learn how London became what New York should be—a clearing-house for the exchanges of the world. Governors of the banks of England and France would vie with each other to give lessons in finance to our Senators from Utah and Montana. The most useful knowledge could be obtained in Scotland, where notes redeemable in gold and secured by assets of the Bank of Issue have circulated more than a century, and where, since the establishment of this system, no serious panic has ever occurred. When legislators from silver States learn how to provide their constituents with money which does not depreciate, they will cease to clamor for the coinage of silver dollars which must depreciate.

Statesmen who can successfully solve this problem will render this country a service of unmeasurable value, and become famous in the annals of our history.

LOUIS WINDMÜLLER.

THE SOLDIER OF 1794.

IN a quaintly printed old book, issued from the press of Anthony Haswell "in Vermont" in the year 1794, Baron von Steuben gave to the world his ideas on the "order and discipline of the troops of the United States." The doughty old warrior had been Major-General and Inspector-General of the American army, and he was prepared, if any one was, to give the best thought of the times on the manner in which an amateur or a professional army should be conducted.

The civilian soldier, as well as the man who makes war his business, and shoots Indians or anarchists with the same promptness and precision when occasion demands, may be interested in some of the odd things the book discloses. The sound of war is in every line. The volume was prepared when the scent of smoke was still in the nostrils of a victorious people, and all through the work the spirit of conflict is in full vigor. From first page to last there are queer forms of speech, and while many of the regulations do not differ much from those of the present day, there are some which are decidedly odd. Here is the position of the soldier of 1794:

"He is to stand straight and firm upon his legs, with his head turned so far to the right as to bring his eye over the waistcoat button; the heels two inches apart; the toes turned out; the belly drawn in a little, but without constraint; the breast a little projected; the shoulders square to the front and kept back; and the hands hanging down the sides, with the palms close to the thighs."

The common step, as it was called, was twenty-four inches in length, about seventy-five to the minute; the "quickstep," about the same length, and 120 to the minute.

Some of the commands are interesting in this day of breech-loading and magazine rifles.

The first command in the manual exercise, as it was designated, was to "poise firelock," followed by cock firelock, take aim, and fire. For the last-named order the soldier was instructed to "pull the trigger briskly," and immediately after come to the priming position, which was by placing the left heel even with the right toe, pointing to the right, the lock opposite the right breast, the muzzle directly to the front and as high as the hat, the left hand just forward of the "feather spring," holding the piece firm and steady, at the same time seizing the cock with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, the back of the hand turned up.

Command VI. was, "Handle cartridge!"—in detail this:

"Bring your right hand short round to your pouch, slapping it hard; seize the cartridge and bring it with a quick motion to your mouth, bite the top off down to the powder, covering it instantly with your thumb, and bring the hand as low as the chin, with the elbow down."

"Shut pan!" was an order of importance—the closing of the receptacle for the powder which had been shaken into it as priming—and this is the way it ran:

1. Shut your pan briskly, bringing down the elbow to the butt of the firelock, holding the cartridge fast in your hand.

2. Turn the piece nimbly round before you, to the loading position, with the lock to the front and the muzzle at the height of the chin, keeping the right hand up under the muzzle; both feet being kept fast in this motion.

The provisions for the sanitary side of camp life were very complete and sensible. The utmost care was to be taken of refuse, the remains of food were to be immediately buried, the carcasses of animals killed for food were to be taken at least a half a mile from camp and buried, and every attention to details of cleanliness was incumbent upon everybody. One of the provisions as to this branch of the service was as follows:

"The soldiers should not be permitted to eat in their tents, except in bad weather; and an officer of the company must often visit the messes, see that the provision is good and well cooked, that the men of one tent mess together, and that the provision is not sold or disposed of for liquor."

Inspection was evidently one of the baron's strong points, for he provided, among many other regulations, this:

"The oftener the soldiers are under the inspection of their officers the better; for which reason every morning at troop-beating they must inspect into the dress of their men, see that their clothes are whole and put on properly, their hands and faces washed clean, their hair combed, their accoutrements properly fixed, and every article about them fixed in the greatest order. Those who are guilty of repeated neglects in these particulars are to be confined and punished. That the men may always appear clean on parade, and as a means of preserving their health, the non-commissioned officers are to see that they wash their hands and faces clean every day, and oftener when necessary. And if any river is nigh and the season favorable, the men should bathe themselves as frequently as possible, the commanding officer of each battalion sending them by small detachments successively under the care of a non-commissioned officer; but on no account must the men be permitted to bathe when just come off a march, at least until after they have reposed long enough to get cool."

Exhaustive instructions, and as specific as exhaustive, were given to officers on guard, among them:

"The officer of the guard must examine every relief before it is sent off, see that their arms are loaded and in order, and that the men are acquainted with their duty; and if, by any accident, a man should get the least disguised with liquor, he must on no account be suffered to go on sentry."

Stoppage of pay for selling, losing, or damaging accoutrements was among the rigors of the times of peace and war. The stoppages included the following:

"For a firelock, fifteen dollars; a bayonet, two dollars; a ramrod, one dollar; a cartridge-box, one dollar; a bayonet-belt, one dollar; a scabbard, two-thirds of a dollar; a cartridge, one-sixth of a dollar; a flint, one-twentieth of a dollar; a gun-worm, one-fourth of a dollar; a screw-driver, one-twelfth of a dollar."

"There is nothing which gains an officer the love of his soldiers more than his care of them under the distress of sickness," says the baron, in his twenty-third chapter, on the treatment of the sick. He shows his practical appreciation of such a condition as sickness by some sensible regulations as to the care and treatment of the hospital patients. Under the head of instructions to officers, he gives the captains of the present day some suggestions that are well worth digesting.

"A captain," he says, "cannot be too careful of the company the state has committed to his charge. He must pay the greatest attention to the health of his men, their discipline, their arms, their ammunition, accoutrements, clothes, and necessaries. His first object should be to gain the love of his men by treating them with every possible kindness and humanity, inquiring into their complaints, and, where well founded, seeing them redressed. He should know every man of his company by name and character. He should often visit those who are sick, speak tenderly to them, see that the public provision, whether of medicine or diet, is duly administered, and procure them besides such comforts and conveniences as are in his power. The attachment which arises from this kind of attention to sick and wounded is almost inconceivable; it will, moreover, be the means of preserving the lives of many valuable men."

However much the regular army regulations may differ from the regulations of this primitive book, they could not, in their inculcations, be more loyal to the soldier or the government.

It is not stating it too strongly to say that few Americans appreciate the important part Steuben played in the war of the rebellion in putting the army on a military footing. He had long been used to the ways of war. He was a member of a noble German family, with five centuries of nobility behind him. His grandfather was a noted theologian of his day, his uncle an eminent mathematician, his father a leading military engineer for a half-century. Steuben himself had been on the staff of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War, and after it ended retired to what he expected would be private life. He took to travelling somewhat, and in 1777, while in Paris, met Benjamin Franklin, from whom he learned many things he had hitherto not known of the conflict in America, and became deeply interested in the cause of the colonists.

When Steuben reached this country he found the army in a badly demoralized condition—or, to put it fairer, in an inchoate condition, for which no one was to blame. He set about the work of training the citizen soldiery, and he did it with a thoroughness which was only equalled in success by the remarkable rapidity with which the Americans picked up the practical work of the drill. In 1859 a history of Steuben's remarkable life, written by Kapp, appeared, and from it a few paragraphs will be found of interest in this connection.

"Seldom," the writer says, "was a work [the tactics above referred to] composed in such a manner. Every chapter was first roughly written in German, then translated into bad French, then put in good French by Fleury, translated again into bad English by Duponceau (Steuben's secretary), afterward written in good English by Captain Walker; and when all was completed Steuben did not understand a word of it himself, from his ignorance of the English language. His confidence in his assistants, however, which was well merited, caused him to proceed successfully amid all these troubles."

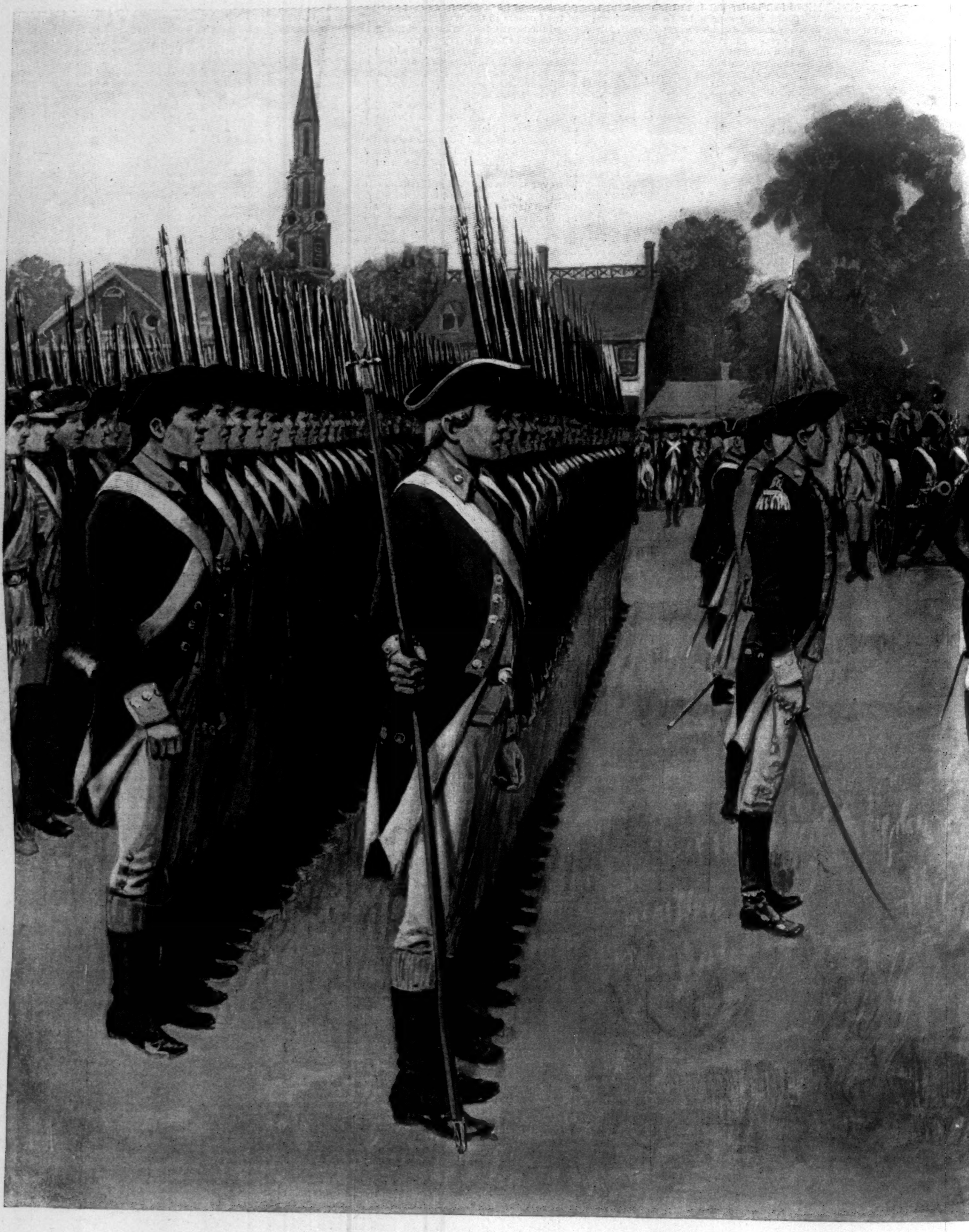
In the same volume a member of the Continental army writes:

> I have seen the baron and his assistants seven long hours inspecting a brigade of three small regiments! Every man not present must be accounted for; if in camp, sick or well, they were produced or visited; every musket handled and searched, cartridge-boxes opened, even the flints and cartridges counted; knapsacks unslung, and every article of clothing spread on the soldier's blanket and tested by his little book whether what he had received from the United States in the year before was there; if not, to be accounted for. Hospital stores, laboratories, every place and every thing was open to inspection, and what officer's mind was at ease if losses or expenditures could not, in the day of searching, be fully and fairly accounted for? The inspections were every month, and wonderful was the effect, not only with regard to economy, but in creating a spirit of emulation between different corps.

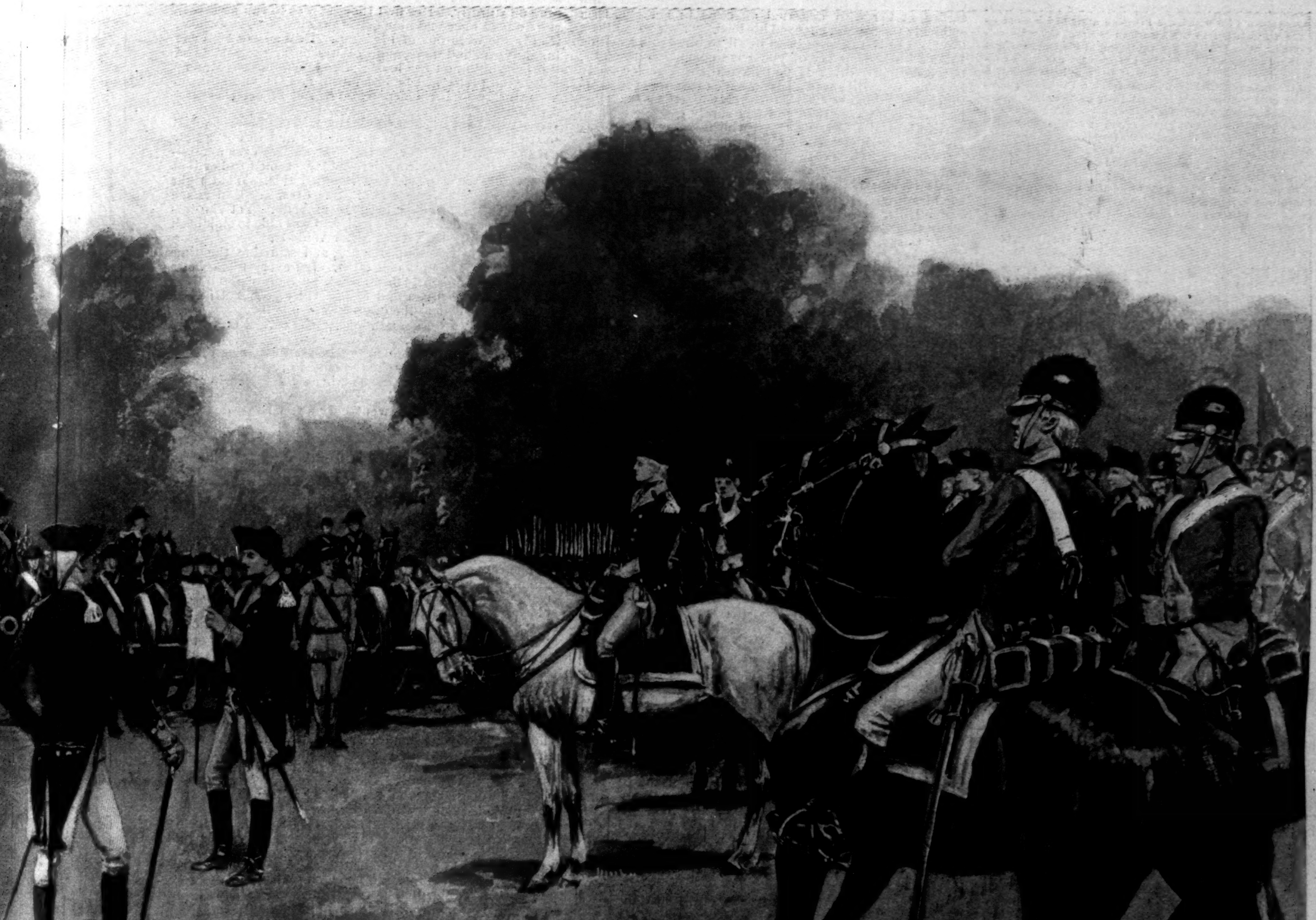
Another writer of the day, Surgeon Thacher, described entertainingly Steuben's inspection thus:

> The troops were paraded in a single line with shoulder arms, every officer in his particular station. The baron first reviewed the line in this position, passing in front with scrutinizing eye; after which he took into his hands the muskets and accoutrements of every soldier, examining them with particular accuracy and precision, applauding or condemning according to the condition in which he found them. He required that the muskets should have the brightest polish—not a spot of rust or defect in any part could escape his vigilance. He inquired also into the conduct of the officers to the men, censuring every fault and applauding every meritorious action. Next he required of me, as surgeon, a list of the sick, with a particular statement of their accommodations and mode of treatment, and even visiting some of the sick in their cabins.

Fiske, in his *American Revolution*, speaking of Steuben



READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO THE AMERICAN TROOP


R. F. Zogbaum
'97

OOPS ON THE COMMON, NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1776.—Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

at Valley Forge, throws a strong side light on the character of Steuben, which adds interest. He says:

> Disregarding the English prejudice, which looked upon the drilling of soldiers as work fit only for sergeants, he took musket in hand and showed what was to be done. Alert and untiring, he worked from morning to night in showing the men how to advance or change front without falling into disorder—how to perform, in short, all the rapid and accurate movements for which the Prussian army had become so famous. It was a revelation to the American troops. Generals, colonels, and captains were fired by the contagion of his example and his tremendous enthusiasm, and for several months the camp was converted into a training-school, in which master and pupils worked with incessant and furious energy. Steuben was struck with the quickness with which the common soldiers learned their lessons. He had a harmlessly choleric temper, which was part of his overflowing vigor; and sometimes when drilling an awkward squad he would exhaust his stock of French and German oaths, and shout for his aide to come and curse the blockheads in English. "Viens, mon ami Walker," he would say—"viens, mon bon ami. Sacré-bleu! Gott ver tamn de gaucherie of dese badants! Je ne puis plus; I can curse dem no more!" Yet in an incredibly short time, as he afterward wrote, these fellows had acquired a military air, had learned how to carry their arms, and knew how to form into column, deploy, and execute manœuvres with precision.

W. S. Harwood.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

A Story of one Fourth of July.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

The summer sun had blazed down all day on the low wooden roof of the old shed lately used as an ice-cream saloon, and now hastily altered to accommodate a post of the Salvation Army. Placards at the wide doorway proclaimed that All were Welcome, and besought the stranger to Come in and be Saved. The tall tenements that lined the side streets east and west had emptied their hundreds of inhabitants out into the avenue that evening, and the sidewalks were thronged with men and women languid from the heat of the day, and longing for the lazy breeze that sometimes creeps into the city with nightfall. But few of them cared to enter the stifling hall where the song service was about to begin, and that night especially there were many counter-attractions out-doors. Already were the rockets beginning to burst far above the square where the fireworks were to be displayed; and now and again a boy (who had more than boyish self-control) produced a reserve pack of fire-crackers and dropped them into a barrel, and capered away with delight as the owner of the barrel was called to his door by the rattle of their explosion.

A pale and thin young woman, in the uniform of the Salvation Army, stood wearily in the entrance, proffering the *War Cry* to all those who came near. She looked as though she had been pretty when she was a girl. Now she was obviously worn and weak, like one recovering from a long illness. High up over her head appeared a shower of colored stars shot forth from a bomb; and then she remembered how she had seen the fireworks on the last Fourth of July, only a year before, lying on her bed, which Jim had pulled to the window before he went down to conduct the meeting. She had lain there peacefully with her two-weeks-old baby in her arms, and it had seemed to her as though the glowing wheels that revolved in the air, and the curving lines of fire that rose and fell again, were but a prefiguration of a golden future where all would be splendor and glory. How that vision had faded into blackness in the months that followed! —when the baby sickened because they had not proper food for him, and when Jim broke down also; and she had had to get up, feeble as she was, and nurse them both until they died, one after another. When she let herself think of those days of despair she had always to make a resolute effort if she did not wish to give way and go into a fit of sobbing that left her exhausted for the next twenty-four hours.

She mastered her rising emotion and turned for relief to the duty of the moment. For five minutes no one had bought a paper from her, and the time had come to go into the hall to take part in the service of song.

She pushed inside the swinging-door and found that perhaps a score of visitors had gathered, and that already half a dozen members of the Salvation Army had taken their seats at the edge of the low platform at the end of the shallow hall. Captain Quigley was standing there, with his shiny black hair carefully curled and his pointed beard carefully combed. He was waiting ready to begin, with his accordion in his hands.

She wondered why it was that she was always sorry to have Captain Quigley lead the service. She would not deny that he led well, giving a swing to the tunes he played that carried all the people off their feet; he sang sweetly and he spoke feelingly. But she did not altogether like his manner, which was almost patronizing; and then he had a way of bringing her suddenly into his remarks and of calling her forward needlessly. Even after her two years' service she shrank from personalities and from self-exhibition. Yet there was no doubt that he meant to be kind to her, and she knew that he had allowed her special privileges more than once. With motherly kindness Adjutant Willetts had asked her only a week before if she really liked Captain Quigley, telling her that if she did not like him, she ought to be careful not to encourage him, and since that talk with the adjutant her distaste for the captain had been intensified.

It was as though Captain Quigley had been waiting for her to appear, for he began to speak as soon as he saw her. In a high nasal voice, and with an occasional elided aspirate, he welcomed those present, and told them he was glad that they had come. He asked them all to take part in singing the grand old hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." He set the tune with his accordion, and lined out the first stanza and led in the singing. Only three or four of the chance visitors joined in the song, the burden of which was borne by the members of the Salvation Army.

Then the captain told his hearers that there was a new *War Cry* published that very morning, full of interesting things, and containing the words of the songs they would all sing later, so he wanted everybody in the hall to buy one, that they could all follow the music.

The thin young woman with the saddened face began to move down the aisles, offering her papers right and left.

"That's the way, Sister Miller," called out the captain, as though to encourage her; but she winced as she heard her name thus thrown to the public. "I want you all to buy Sister Miller's papers, so that she can come up here and join us in the singing. You don't know what a sweet voice Sister Miller has—but we know."

He continued to talk thus familiarly as she made the circuit of the seats. When she had taken her place on the platform by the side of Adjutant Willetts, who smiled at her with maternal affection in her eye, then suddenly the captain changed his tone. "Now we will ask the Lord to bless us—to bless us all, to bless this meeting. I don't know why any of you have come here to-night, but I do know this: If you have come here for God's blessing, you will get it. If you have come here for something else, I don't know whether you will get it; but if you have come here for that, you will surely get it. God always gives His blessing to all who ask for it. Brother Higginson, will you lead us in prayer?"

The men and women on the platform fell on their knees, and the most of those scattered about the hall bowed their heads reverently, while Brother Higginson prayed that the blessing of God might descend upon them that night. Sister Miller had heard Brother Higginson lead in prayer many times, and she knew almost to a word what he was likely to say, for the range of his appeal was limited; but she always thrilled a little at the simple fervor of the man. It annoyed her, as usual, to have the captain punctuate the appeal of Brother Higginson with an occasional "Amen! Amen!" or "Hallelujah!"

After the prayer there was another gospel song, and then the captain laid aside his accordion and took up a Bible. He read a passage from the Old Testament describing the advance of the Children of Israel into the desert, guided by a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. He held the book in his hand while he expounded his text. The Children of Israel had their loins girded to fight the good fight, he said. That is what every people has to do; the Israelites had to do it, the English had to do it, the Americans had to do it. They all knew what the Fourth of July stood for, and how well Americans fought then, more than a hundred years ago; and so saying he seized the flag which had been leaning against the wall behind him, by the side of the blood-red banner of the Salvation Army.

As he was waving the Stars and Stripes, Sister Miller felt her dislike accentuated, for she knew that the captain was an Englishman who had been here but a few years, and it seemed to her mean of him to be taking sides against his native land. She wondered if he was really ignorant enough to think that one of the great battles of the Revolution had been fought on the Fourth of July.

Then her mind went back to her girlhood, and she recalled the last celebration of the Fourth that had taken place in the old school-house at home the summer before she graduated. She remembered how old Judge Standish read the Declaration of Independence with a magnificent air of proprietorship, as though he had just dashed it off. Other incidents of that day came floating back to her memory as she sat there in the thick air of the little hall, and she ceased to hear Captain Quigley calling urgently on all those present to be Soldiers of God. In her ears there echoed, instead, the pleading words of young Dexter Standish, telling her that he was going to the Naval Academy, and that he wanted her to wait for him till he should come back. She had given her promise, and why had she not kept her word? Why had she been foolishly jealous when she heard that he was the best dancer in his class at Annapolis, and that all the Baltimore girls were wild to dance with him. She had long ago discovered that her reason for breaking off the engagement was wholly inadequate; and, in her folly, she had not foreseen that Dexter could not leave the Academy and come to her and explain. If only he had presented himself and told her he loved her she would have forgiven him, even if he had really deserved punishment. But he was a cadet, and he would not have a leave of absence for another year. Before that year was out she had married James Miller, a theological student, who soon threw up all his studies in his religious zeal to join the Salvation Army, as though craving martyrdom. Jim had loved her, and she had thought she loved him. It was with a swift pang of reproach that she found herself asking whether it was not better for Jim that he had died before he found out that his wife did not love him as he loved her.

With the ingenuity that came of long experience, Captain Quigley had ended his address with a quotation from "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and Sister Miller was roused from her reverie to take part in the chorus. When they had sung three stanzas the captain stopped abruptly and turned to the gray-haired woman who sat beside Sister Miller, and called on Adjutant Willetts to say a few words of loving greeting to the souls waiting to be saved.

To Sister Miller it was a constant delight to be with the adjutant, to be comforted by her motherly smile, and to be sustained by her cheerful faith. There was a Quaker simplicity about Sister Willetts and a Quaker strength of character that the wan and worn Sister Miller had found she could always reply upon. And another characteristic of the elder woman's endeared her also to the younger: her religious fervor was as fresh as it was sincere, and she gave her testimony night after night with the same force and the same feeling that she had given it the first time. Too many of the others had reduced what they had to say to a mere formula, modified but little, and delivered at last in almost mechanical fashion. But Sister Willetts stood forward on the platform and bore witness to her possession of the peace of God which passeth all understanding; and she did this most modestly, with neither shyness nor timidity, merely as though she were doing her duty gladly in declaring what God had done for her.

When the adjutant had made an end of speaking, and had taken her seat by the side of the pale young woman, who smiled back at her again, Captain Quigley grasped his accordion once more.

"Now you shall have a solo," he said. "Sister Miller will sing that splendid old hymn, 'Rock of Ages.' Come, Sister Miller."

Her voice had no great power, but it sufficed for that little hall. She did not like to stand forward conspicuously, but the singing itself she always enjoyed. Sometimes she was almost able to forget herself as she poured out her soul in song.

On that Fourth of July evening she had not more than begun when she became conscious that somebody was staring at her with an intensity quite different from the ordinary gaze of curiosity to which she was accustomed. She obeyed the impulse, and looked down into the eyes of Dexter Standish, fixed upon her as though he had come to claim possession of her at once.

So unexpected was this vision, and so enfeebled was her self-control, that her voice faltered, and she almost broke off in the middle of a line. But she stiffened herself, and though she felt the blood dyeing her face, she sang on sturdily. Her first thought was to run away—to run away at once and hide herself, somewhere, anywhere, if only she were out of his sight. He had not seen her for six years and more, and in those weary years she had lost her youth and her looks. She knew that she was no longer the pretty girl he had loved, and she shrank from his scrutiny of her faded features and of her shrunken figure.

She could not run away and she could not hide; she had to stand there and let him gaze at her and discover how old she looked and how worn. She met his eyes again—he never took them from her—and it seemed to her that they were full of pity. She resented this. What right had he to compassionate her? She drew her thin frame up and sang the louder in mere bravado. Yet she was glad when she came to the end, and was able to sink back into the seat by the side of Sister Willetts.

The captain spoke up at once, and said that the time had come to take up a collection. Let every man give a little, in proportion to his means, no more and no less. Would Sister Willetts and Sister Miller go about among the people to collect the offerings?

As she picked up her tambourine she turned impulsively to the elder woman.

"Let me go to those near the platform, please," she begged. "Won't you take the outside rows?"

The adjutant looked down on her a little surprised, but agreed at once.

The younger woman went only a few steps down the aisles, keeping as far away from him as possible. Whenever she glanced towards him she found his eyes fixed upon her, following her everywhere; and now it was not pity she thought she saw in his look, but love—the same love she had seen in those eyes the last time they two had stood face to face.

When the tambourines had been extended towards everybody in the hall, the two women went back to the platform, and the adjutant counted up the money—coppers and nickels, most of it, and not two dollars in all.

The captain kept on steadfastly. He gave out another hymn. When that had been sung, he turned to a portly man who had come in late and who was sitting on the platform behind Brother Higginson.

"Brother Jackman," he asked, with unction, "how is your soul to-night? Can't you tell us about it?"

While the portly man, standing uneasily with his hands on the chair before him, was briskly setting forth the circumstances of his assured salvation, Sister Miller was silent on the platform.

She could not help seeing Dexter Standish, who was straight in front of her. She noted how erect he was, and how resolutely his shoulders were squared. She saw that he was older, too; and she observed that his face had a masterful look, wanting there the last time she had seen him.

He had always been a fine-looking fellow, and the training at Annapolis had done him good. He was no mere youth now, but a man, bronzed and bearded, and bearing himself like one who knew what he wanted and meant to get it. She realized that the woman he chose to guard from the world would be well shielded. A weary woman might find rest under the shelter of his stalwart protection. Involuntarily she contrasted the man she had promised to marry with the man she had married—the manly strength of the one with the gentle weakness of the other. Then she blushed again, for this seemed to her disloyalty to the dead. Jim had been very good to her always; he was the father of her child; he never did any wrong. But the thought returned again—perhaps if he had had more force of character, the child need not have died as it did.

Brother Jackman was rattling along glibly, but Sister Miller did not heed him. She did not hear him even. She did not hear anything distinctly during the rest of the service. She rose to her feet with the rest of them, and she sat down again automatically, and she knelt like one in a trance. When the meeting was over and the people began to disperse, she saw that he did not move. He stood there silently, waiting for her to come to him, ready to bear her away. Without a word Sister Miller knew what it was her old lover wanted: he wanted to pick up their love-story where it had been broken off four years before.

When the hall was nearly empty he started towards her.

She turned to the gray-haired woman by her side.

"Tell me what to do," she cried. "He is coming to take me away with him."

Sister Willetts saw the young man advancing slowly, as those last to go made a path for him.

"Is he in love with you, too?" she asked.

"Yes," the younger woman answered.

"And do you love him?"

"Yes—at least, I think so. Oh, yes!"

"And is he a good man?" was the last question.

"Yes, indeed," came the prompt reply; "the best man I ever knew!"

The sturdy figure was drawing nearer, and the elder woman rose.

"If you love him better than you love your work with us, go to him, in God's name," she said. "We seek no unwilling workers here. If you cannot give yourself to the service joyfully, putting all else behind you, go in peace—and may the blessing of God be with you!"

She bent forward and kissed the younger woman, and left her as Dexter Standish came and stood before her.

"Margaret," he said, firmly, "I have come for you."

Without a word she stepped down from the platform and went with him.

When they came to the door a hansom happened to pass, and he called it.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, glad to be under the shelter of his devotion, and ready to relinquish all right to decide upon her future for herself.

"To my mother," he answered, as he lifted her into the vehicle. "She's at a hotel here. She'll be glad to see you."

"Will she?" the girl asked, doubtfully.

"Yes," was the authoritative answer; "she knows that I have always loved you."

THE HISTORY OF STARVATION IN CUBA.

The nearest approach to starvation in Cuba has occurred in the province of Pinar del Rio, and the period was inaugurated a long time ago—long before Captain-General Weyler published his decree of concentration, of which we have heard so much. With an idea of dispelling some of the many illusions concerning the Cuban imbroglio, which have already begun to work the Cuban cause much harm, as well as from a desire to see fair play, I am induced to take up this question of starvation.

After the general-in-chief, Gomez, had astonished every one with his series of marches and countermarches, invading Matanzas and Havana provinces, Maceo, with the best fighting element of the insurgent forces, marched into the westernmost province of Pinar del Rio. Gomez remained behind to put an effective stop to sugar-making by burning the cane and destroying machinery and buildings. Maceo's invasion was to be one of subjugation; but the Spaniard's faith in the people of Pinar del Rio had left that province without troops, and Maceo's march became a procession of triumph to the extremity of the island. He was received everywhere with such friendly demonstrations that no attempt was made to carry out the policy of destruction which the insurgent leaders had conceived as a necessity for the success of the revolution. His entry into the cities was attended with the ringing of church bells, and the people *en masse* avowed their allegiance to the revolutionary government. Prefectos were named and the establishment of a new order of things was proclaimed. But there seems to have been a lack of foresight somewhere, for Maceo left Pinar del Rio with the Spanish columns behind him, and then for a time he disappeared. No sooner had this happened than the peaceable non-combatant people of this province opened their arms to the Spanish soldiers, and declared Maceo and his followers to be but a band of indolent blacks and discontented whites, whose only object was self-gain.

Shortly afterwards, General Weyler published an official bulletin declaring the provinces of Havana and Pinar del Rio freed from insurgents. Immediately Maceo returned, sacked and burned the port of Batabano, to the south of Havana, and began his second invasion of Pinar del Rio. This time his march was one of fire and sword. It is said that one of his chiefs, Brigadier-General Bermudez, hanged twenty pacificos to one tree; and within six weeks Maceo himself boasted of having entered or destroyed nearly every town, city, or village in the province.

I visited this region of destruction and devastation at the time, pursuing my investigations there for one month, and paid the penalty by two weeks' imprisonment in Morro Castle. The Spaniards then held but four or five places in the whole province, and these were defended by trenches and barricades of railroad iron. The rest of the once populous and flourishing cities, towns, and villages were so many heaps of escombro. The Spanish authorities were struggling hard to maintain the railroad, which was almost constantly being torn up and the trains fired upon between Artemisa and the city of Pinar del Rio. They eventually got a train through to the demolished city of Palacios, which they took possession of by building a fort in the centre of its ruins. The entire country was in the hands of the insurgents, the various bands riding over it at will, putting in force their war measure of concentration. As I wrote at the time, the rebel cry was: "The country must remain clean! To the trenches or to the mountains! You must be for Cuba or for Spain!"

Weyler heeded not the cry of the pacificos, but put his trust in the Trocha, leaving the rebels almost undisturbed in their policy of driving all non-sympathizers to the Spanish lines. By the middle of May the larger portion of the country was depopulated. Santa Cruz de los Pinos, a handsome village of lime and stone, was entirely destroyed and left with only one inhabitant, an infirm old man living under a tree. He in turn was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and his ultimate fate I never learned. Of the six thousand inhabitants belonging to this jurisdiction alone, only those few were left who had courage to declare in favor of free Cuba, and these lived near the mountains, where the insurgents had their headquarters. The rainy season had already commenced when Gonzales Munoz, with four thousand Spanish infantrymen, set out from Artemisa to look for the insurgents, but they had done their work, and what was left in the country was theirs.

As I have said, it was a war measure to drive all the people who did not choose to side with the insurrection to the Spanish towns, there to become a charge of the Spanish authorities; and although it was the policy of the insurgents throughout the island, nowhere did it work such immediate misery as in Pinar del Rio, for the simple reason that in the other provinces the country people secretly declared themselves for the insurrection.

When I first arrived in Artemisa the country people were flocking into town, and my own room in the only hotel there was filled with them. They told me that their houses had been burned, their belongings taken possession of by the rebels, and themselves driven away. Daily news came in of this one or that one being strung up to a tree, and no one dared leave the city without an armed force to protect him.

At San Cristobal I was unable to procure decent lodgings, and was only saved from having to swing my hammock over the crowded forms of humanity in a Chinaman's restaurant by the kindness of the apothecary, who took me to his house. The concentration of pacificos in this town was so great that I found them living under trees in the plaza and building thatched shelters in the streets. Families had taken possession of the railroad station, and there was scarcely a house which had not opened its doors to shelter some one. One man, if I remember correctly, told me that he had taken in eight families. Some were living in corridors, some under cow-skins and tables.

To obtain palm leaves and sticks with which to construct shelters within the Spanish lines it was necessary for the pacificos to go out attended by the local guerilla; and I remember watching the funeral of a little child. The coffin was carried by a boy sitting astride a horse; and although the cemetery was only a short distance from the trenches, the procession left and returned attended by an armed escort. The horrors of this period have never been written, and in all probability they never will be known, with all their shocking details, except as they may be vaguely handed down by oral tradition to those who may come in after-years.

In a railway journey to Palacios I found these people piling up their household effects alongside the railroad tracks wherever the Spaniards had built one of their little square forts to protect a bridge or a station, and on my return the train was so crowded with these pacificos that there was not room for them all, and entire families were left sitting under the trees.

In view of the threatened misery, while I was at San Cristobal a commission was sent to Havana to solicit from General Weyler some government aid for the destitute people who had been thus driven in from their country homes; but Weyler turned a deaf ear to their supplications. At that time his only answer was, "Nothing; the people must bow their heads!"

Although the insurgents have recently declared their policy to be a sort of waiting game, their real policy has been one of starvation ever since the invasion. Gomez came with his escort from Camaguey, and while Maceo did all the real fighting that was done, he zigzagged about the country, warring upon the peaceful non-combatants, and by his methods, quite as barbarous as those of Weyler, struck terror into the souls of those who had not already, owing to their hatred for Spain, declared their willingness to cast their lot with the insurgent cause.

Even those who had already helped the insurgents often fell into bad grace with the whimsical old man, especially the wealthy farmers, and if they were caught trying to save any of their effects they were strung up to the nearest *guasima*. I knew a wealthy farmer in Sancti-Spiritus upon whom Gomez stumbled on his way west; and although the man's father had been imprisoned, sentenced to death, and finally exiled for aiding the last insurrection, and he himself had contributed largely to the support of the present one, Gomez, without investigation, cursed him roundly, and then, learning who the man was, opened his mouth in surprise and allowed him to depart.

While Antonio Maceo was in Pinar del Rio energetically enforcing the insurgent war measure of concentration, the commander-in-chief was roaming about the central provinces, doing nothing in particular, except hanging Cubans. I do not mean to say that many of these did not deserve hanging, but I do know that some were executed by Gomez's orders who were guilty of no other offence than that of exciting the chief's displeasure.

I was in Villa Clara when Gomez was encamped in the vicinity, and it was a puzzle to me to know exactly what his purpose was or what he was doing. One night a band of insurgents came into the city, made their way to the central plaza, and there challenged the Spanish soldiers to come out and fight them in the open, "al machete." They had absolute possession of the town, and could have held it or destroyed it if they had wanted to; but after losing their reckless young leader and setting fire to a Chinaman's store, they rode away. The week or two following this event it was momentarily expected that Gomez would attack the city; even the insurgents expected it; and the Spanish authorities worked night and day building barricades and even fortifying the roof of the handsome new theatre. But, after circling around the city for two or three weeks, the commander-in-chief rode away without molesting it, seeking other camping-grounds. This is what Gomez calls his waiting policy.

One of Gomez's habits was to issue many orders which he had not the power to enforce. The Cubans are an obedient people, and the followers of the insurrection, in their efforts to carry out these orders, committed many acts of barbarity and injustice which would not have been tolerated by any other race of people than the Cubans. Maceo was supreme in Pinar del Rio, and though laboring under the disadvantage of having a people to contend with who were not wholly in sympathy with the rebel cause, he effectively enforced his policy of concentration. On the other hand, the pacificos in the central provinces almost to a man favored the cause of their countrymen; and yet, not realizing the necessity of the blockade which Gomez attempted to establish by a simple decree prohibiting all traffic with the cities and towns in possession of the Spaniards, they carried on their trade in spite of the fact that occasionally one of their number was hanged to a *guasima*.

Then, again, Gomez prohibited the running of railroad trains, although he was powerless to stop them. Down somewhere in Havana province he captured the English constructing engineer of the Western Railroad, and made him his bitter enemy by telling him that if he attempted to run another train he would hang him the same as any Cuban. The consequence was the Englishman—Englishman-like—worked all the harder to keep his line open, and Gomez displayed so little power to prevent the trains running that the risks were reduced to a minimum, and in spite of an occasional attack on a train and the explosion of a bomb, the hanging of an engineer or fireman, the trains continued to run. So his policy of starving out the Spaniards, a legitimate war measure if properly enforced, was but a miserable failure when confined to the hanging of a few countrymen who sought to secure clothing for their families by selling their milk and pigs in the towns held by their enemies.

Now we come to the operations of the Spanish troops under Weyler, which were confined to the chasing of the various rebel bands about the country when they were not in too large a force to make a stand, and the massacring of these very pacificos or non-combatants of which we have heard so much. The insurgents who have made so bold a strike for the liberty of their island home are entitled to our sympathy. Not so the Spaniards under Weyler. But what shall we say of these peaceful, liberty-loving non-combatants, who have seen their homes destroyed, their fathers and brothers butchered in cold blood, and have now concentrated under the Spanish flag to suffer want and starvation. Have they ever taken up a cudgel to protect their homes and lives?

The Poles went forth to battle against the forces of Russia, in defence of their country, armed with scythes and pikestaffs, and they were annihilated. If the Cubans had followed their example, to-day their island would be free and independent of the feeble force and misrule displayed by their European foe.

As for the concentration policy, of which we have heard so much of late, it was not originally conceived by Captain-General Weyler at all, but was first put in force, with all its attending evils and sufferings, by Antonio Maceo in Pinar del Rio. The concentration was effected in the other provinces principally by the Spanish troops, who, discovering that the peasant class was, as a whole, in league with the insurgents, began their method of extermination by wholesale, cold-blooded butchery. It was the tales of these atrocities that aroused our press and people a year ago; and when Weyler took the field at the end of the last rainy season whole sections of the country were depopulated, so that one who is acquainted with the circumstances may wonder now from whence have suddenly come all the *concentrados* which the so-called "Weyler policy" has forced into the towns or stations allotted to them.

The fact is that Weyler's much-talked-of decree of October 21, 1896, is not one of concentration at all; for the few people loyal to Spain, and the far greater number of those too cowardly to help the insurgents, had already concentrated, and his proclamation was directed to the "inhabitants of the country districts"—"outside the lines of fortifications"—who were known to be, although non-combatants, aiding the insurgents, and even holding office under their government. Weyler, by his proclamation, gave them eight days in which to surrender, and then went forth himself to put into execution the same policy of starvation that had been inaugurated by the rebels some nine months previously. Having been among these people at the time, and with them chased around in the bushes by Weyler's soldiers, I know of what I write; and for one whole week some of us camped upon a hill overlooking one of Weyler's stations of concentration, and we depended upon that station to obtain our only food-supplies, and when we did not go down to forage fairly under the guns of the sentries in the Spanish fort the *concentrados* brought us meat and vegetables, and I even procured from the town soap, sardines, and sugar candy. None of these non-combatants with whom I was thus bushwacking—for I can call it nothing else—thought of surrendering to the Spanish, still we all knew what to expect if caught by the Spanish soldiers.

Since leaving Cuba I have received a letter from this very town, in which I am told that Weyler's soldiers have succeeded in capturing a young girl who does not know even her own name or age, and that the destitution in that particular locality is something terrible. The writer of the letter is a poor man himself, and while I was with him in Cuba I gave him five dollars. The first thing he did with his five dollars was to pay seventy-five cents for a bottle of ginger pop.

Every one remaining in the country at that time knew that he was a rebel, and he knew what to expect. Some of them, when sorely pressed, sent their wives and children to town, a few came in themselves, and many, especially down in Pinar del Rio, were captured. What was the actual fate of these last in every case I do not know. I do know that the suffering in Pinar del Rio was something terrible, and the Spaniards themselves reported such scenes as "a cart-load of children being sold at auction," "children being found abandoned by the road-side," etc.; but it was not Weyler who put into force the policy of concentration, although he decreed it in the eastern provinces upon his arrival in Cuba, a fact which has been lost sight of.

Having been a prisoner myself among the Spaniards, I can speak authoritatively upon that subject. The Spanish soldier's tendency is to kill his prisoner. War with him is the profession of killing, and he does not comprehend the idea of acquiring by legitimate conquest. He meets his enemy to kill him; but he is of such a guileless nature that, after taking a prisoner, if he does not kill him within the first few hours after capture he is apt to discover, as it were, the fact that his prisoner is a human being like himself, and the next thing he does is to divide his breakfast or dinner with him.

I have never seen any of the *concentrados* in Cuba actually starving; their land is too rich for that; and the Spanish authorities not only give them permission to go outside the lines to forage in the insurgent country, but furnish them with armed escorts when it is thought they can procure enough cattle to warrant the trouble, one-half of which they are allowed for their own disposition.

There is one thing sure, and that is, these non-combatants who have sought safety by seeking the protection of the Spanish lines of fortification receive no sympathy from the insurgents in the field, the majority of them being considered as renegades or *presentados*, and I know from personal experience that the zones allotted to them for cultivation not only ought to be enough to supply them with subsistence, but in many cases do supply the insurgents in the field as well, and instead of finding them in leaky huts praying for assistance, I have found them, even in Pinar del Rio, concentrated in a club-room, passing their time at the gaming-table, while in the east they amused themselves at their national sport of cock-fighting.

Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr.

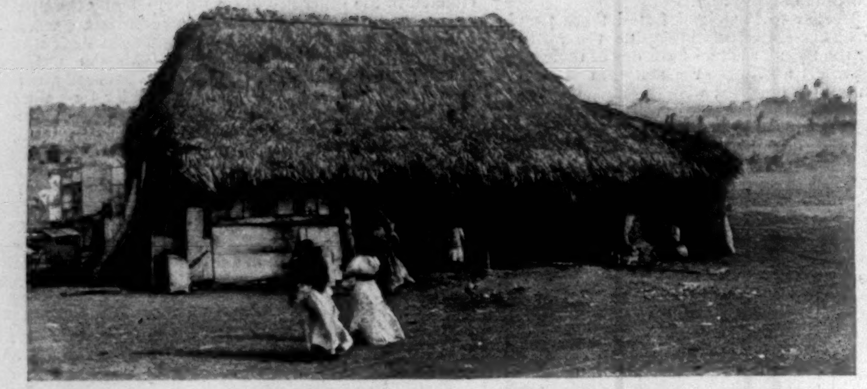
VICTORIA.

Queen of that ancient realm which Arthur's Knights
  Redeemed from out the clutch of heathen hordes,
Queen of a land whose sea-girt vales and heights
  Have long been held secure by loyal swords;
And not alone by these, but by strong hearts,
  And hands that clasp in matchless fealty—
How to the cheek the red blood pulsing starts,
  Victoria, Lady, at the name of thee!

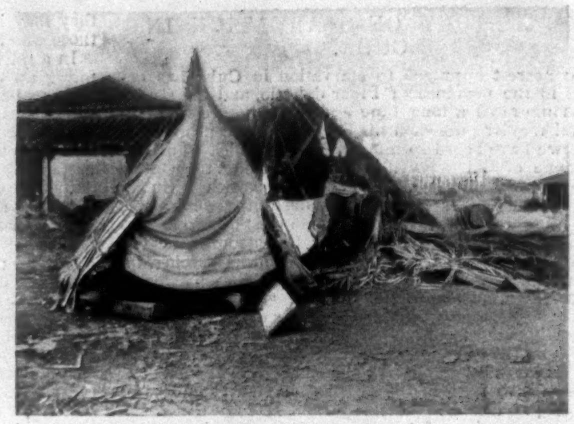
Mother and Queen! Our land beyond the wave
  Repeats the greetings that thy people speak,
So much to us thy own loved Albion gave,
  So much from thine we evermore must seek.
Thy poets ours, and ours thy record long
  Of glory and renown, since kindred blood,
Thicker than water, binds us, thrills in song,
  And bids us shout, Victoria the Good!

Sweet were the roses of that far-off June
  When on thy girlish brow the coronet
Plantagenet and Tudor wore, to tune
  Of jubilant bells and throbbing cheers, was set.
Through sixty years have roses bloomed and died,
  And thou hast borne thyself serene and pure,
So, through all time, whatever may betide,
  Unchanged and lofty, shall thy fame endure.

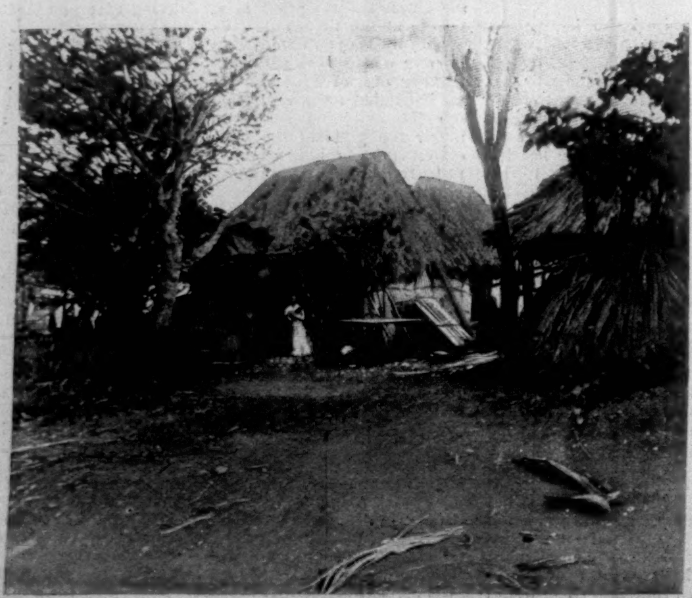
Margaret E. Sangster.



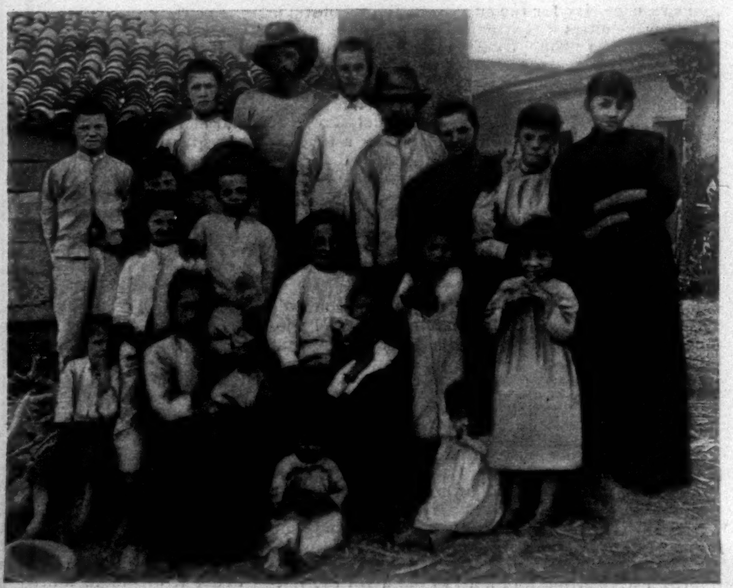
A CONCENTRADO'S HOUSE AND FAMILY.
A Recent View taken near the Sancti Spiritus Railway.



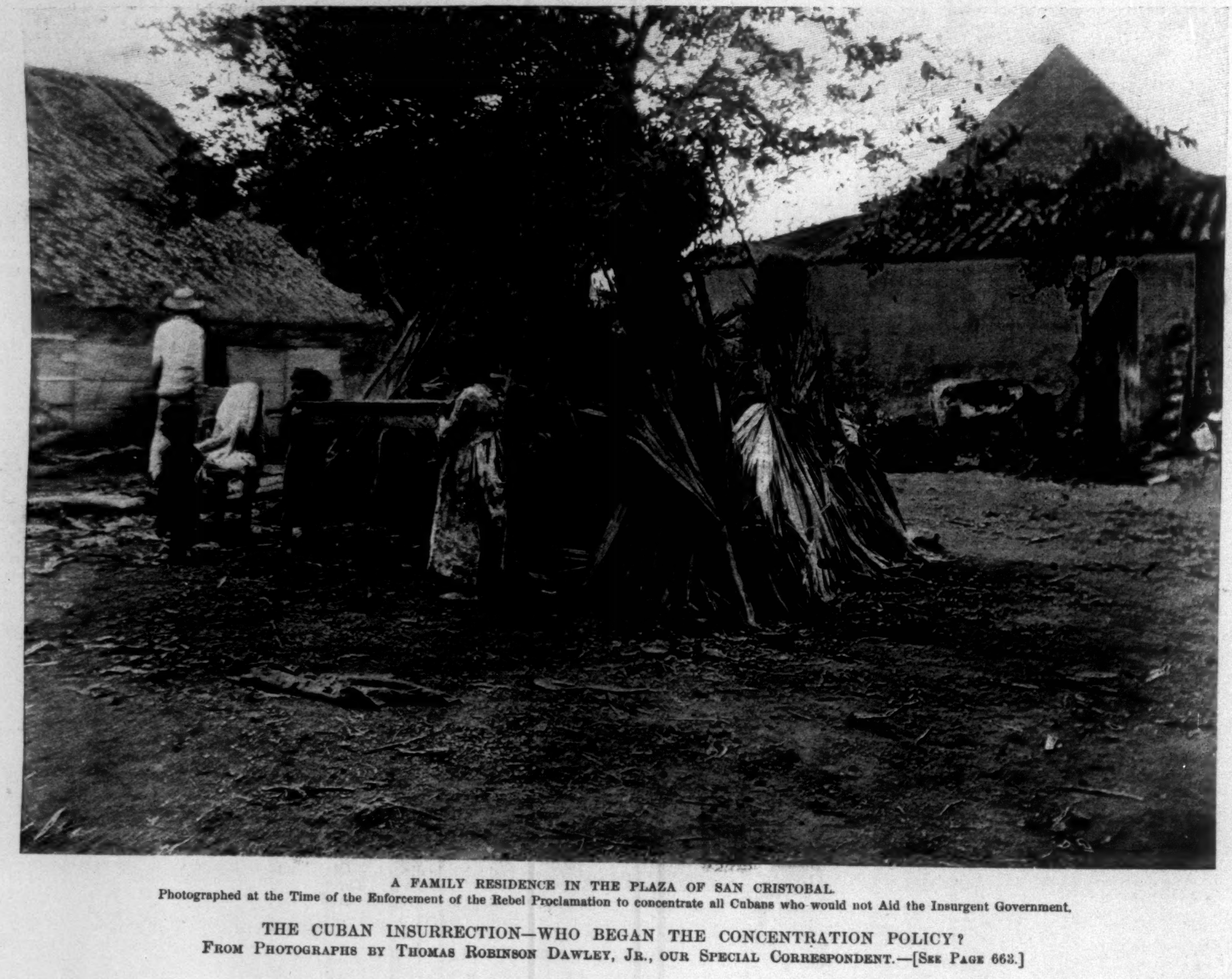
A CONCENTRADO'S HOUSE,
Showing how they were living inside the Spanish Lines over a Year ago.



A CONCENTRADO'S DWELLING IN SAN CRISTOBAL.
Built while Antonio Maceo was holding the Country of Pinar del Rio.

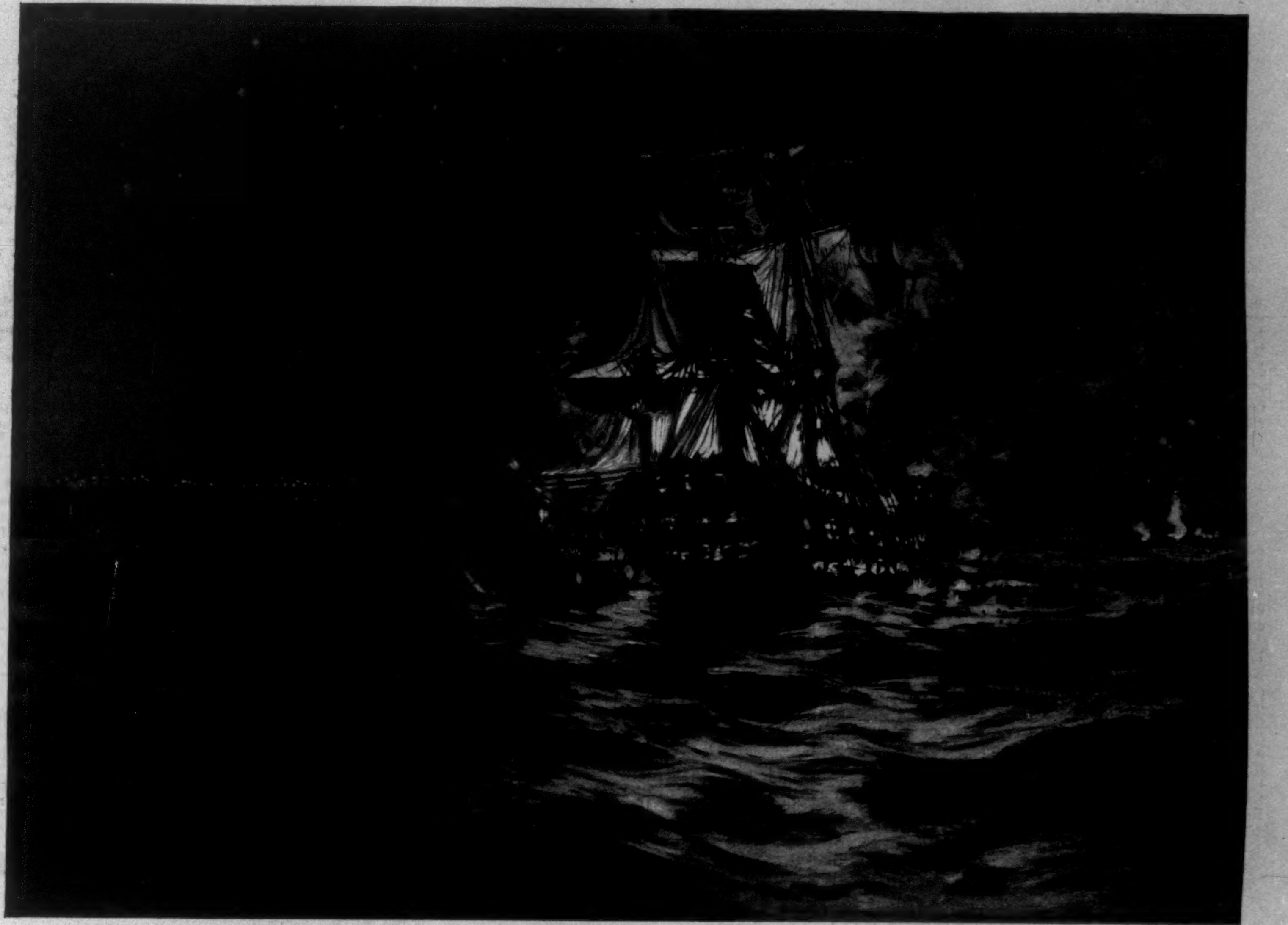


A FAMILY OF CONCENTRADOS OF SANTA CLARA.
Father, Mother, Children, and Grandchildren.



A FAMILY RESIDENCE IN THE PLAZA OF SAN CRISTOBAL.
Photographed at the Time of the Enforcement of the Rebel Proclamation to concentrate all Cubans who would not Aid the Insurgent Government.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—WHO BEGAN THE CONCENTRATION POLICY?
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR., OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 663.]



"IT WAS THEN SEEN THAT THE FIGHT HAD REALLY JUST BEGUN."—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

AN AMERICAN VIKING.

BY H. F. KEENAN.

WHILE the country is listening with satisfaction to the prowess of its new fleet, the story of America's first naval hero ought to be told and become a household tale. When the colonies were in the storm and stress of the ferocious war levied on them by the British, the navy of the young republic, though painfully overmatched by the enemy, combated with glorious resolution and persistence wherever a chance could be found. Our mariners, indeed, became the wonder of neutral nations, and in the end were recognized as harassingly formidable to the British. Among the first to signalize the indomitable spirit of the Colonial marine was John Paul Jones. The family name of the great admiral was Paul. For some reason, never satisfactorily stated, Jones was added when John Paul, the father, married Jean MacDuff. John Paul was born in the parish of Kirkbean, Scotland. He took to the sea from his youth. It was as a sailor that he first came to the colonies, where he found a brother settled at Fredericksburg, Virginia. It is significant to note that the most profitable and most general traffic of the British in those days was slave-trading. Paul Jones figures as officer on a score of vessels owned in Liverpool and dealing with slaves alone—in fact, it was by traffic in human flesh that the cities of Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow became the great ports of the island.

Until 1778 John Paul sailed on every sea, underwent vicissitudes of the most surprising sort, but in that year the death of his brother fixed him permanently as an American. He settled on the Fredericksburg estate, and there the outbreak of the Revolution found him poor and discouraged. He instantly offered his services to the Colonial authorities, and on the 22d of December, 1775, he was enrolled and commissioned as lieutenant in the Continental navy. Congress provided for a fleet of thirteen ships, and it fell to the lot of John Paul Jones to raise the first Continental flag to the peak, when the commander-in-chief boarded Jones's vessel. He was in his twenty-ninth year, but his fame as a seaman seems to have greatly impressed the grave naval board to whom the manning of the infant navy was intrusted. Nor were the most unreasonable expectations disappointed. Jones made his ship, the *Alfred*, the terror of English merchantmen, the despair of the British fleets. Prize after prize came sailing into the American ports. Within a year Jones more than paid the entire expense of the navy.

But prize-taking was not the whole tale. In almost daily dare-devil combats he displayed an intrepidity, a resource in manœuvring, that saved his slight vessel from many an ambuscade, many an overmastering convoy. Jealousy and neglect, however, fell upon the daring seaman. Toward the end of the war, feeling his deserving neglected and favoritism ruling the awards of valor, he demanded place in the foreign squadron to be fitted out by France.

Thereafter, until the end of the war, his operations read more like the unbridled romance of the novelist than the sober facts of history. After torturing delay, disappointment, and chicanery, he obtained through the good offices of his friend Franklin, minister to France, command of a handful of vessels of wretched condition and inferior armament. The French government, intent on crippling the British at home as well as along the coasts of the colonies, organized this fleet for Jones, which was to be accompanied by five hundred men of the Irish Legion, to make a descent upon Ireland. Bickering, jealousy, delays of one sort or another, led to the abandonment of the military contingent. Jones sailed in the *Bon Homme Richard*, so named in compliment to Franklin's "Poor Richard" of the almanac. The *Richard* was anything but an instrument for the mighty deeds the young American burned to achieve.

This ship had been in commission fourteen years in the French East-Indian trade. She had been altered and fitted out as a man-of-war, carrying forty of the small guns considered formidable in those days. As subordinate of the shabby fleet, Jones was hampered by a villain named Landais, who had made himself an American, and forced his services on Franklin as commander of one of Jones's squadron, the *Alliance*, a new vessel. The *Alliance* was much better than the *Poor Richard* in sailing and fitting out. From the first this miscreant did everything jealousy, insubordination, even treason could devise to ruin the plans of his chief. On the 23d of September, 1779, after delays and cross-purposes which would have maddened a less heroic soul, Jones sailed up the Firth of Forth, determined to put the rich city of Leith to ransom. The terror of his fleet, his own name, held all the British coast in dismay. The ministry itself was in danger of dismissal for incapacity. Immense efforts were therefore made to get an overmastering force on the track of the "pirate," and very soon John Paul found himself in the toils of an overwhelmingly superior enemy.

He was off Scarborough Head, making for the French Channel, when he ran squarely into the Baltic fleet, convoyed by the *Serapis*, the newest and finest vessel in the British service, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, almost equally formidable. The *Serapis* was of the latest marine invention, carrying forty guns of longer range than the *Poor Richard's*. The *Scarborough* mounted twenty. Without waiting an instant, Jones gave the order to make for the two British cruisers. The fleet of merchant vessels fled to the protection of the Scarborough forts, while the men-of-war made sail to get between them and the American ships. In spite of peremptory signals, Jones's fleet made off, Landais paying no sort of heed to his commander's orders. It was early in the afternoon when the antagonists discovered each other. It was after seven o'clock at night when, the merchant fleet safely under shelter of Scarborough Head, the British stood ready for the fight. The sea was as smooth as an inland lake. A light breeze came from the land. The clear twilight of the Northern latitude rendered everything visible. Thousands of absorbed spectators lined the cliffs and promontories of what is now the most thronged watering-place on the English coast. When the full harvest-moon climbed above the hills the antagonists had neared each other close enough to make their guns tell. The agonized throng on shore, subdued by the clamors that filled England about Jones, his disregard of death, his success in spite of odds however formidable, watched with bated breath the spectral figures on the water as the guns belched forth. Landais's ship, being the better sailer, came within range of the *Serapis* first. Jones and his crew hailed the incident with enthusiasm, quite willing to share the glory with the ignoble Frenchman. But, to everybody's surprise, when within broadside distance, the *Alliance* turned tail, leaving the *Poor Richard* to bear the shock alone. But the crisis had no terrors for John Paul. He plunged forward, put himself squarely in the path of the Briton, and got ready to open fire.

The captain of the *Serapis*, to admonish his crew of what the combat involved, nailed the ensign of St. George to the flag-staff with his own hand. That meant that there could be no surrender, in naval parlance. The *Poor Richard* at 7.30 "rounded on to the weather, or larboard, quarter of the *Serapis*," ranging parallel with her and within pistol-shot distance. The *Serapis* at the same time "triced up" her lower-deck ports, revealing double ranges of guns ready to let fly. Lights blazed on the spar-decks; the ships looked like a scenic presentation of mimic war. Captain Pearson of the *Serapis*, as the *Poor Richard* neared the still silent guns, roared out,

"What ship is that?"

"I can't hear what you say," was the response of Jones.

"What ship is that? Answer at once, or I'll fire into you."

Jones's response was a broadside, hardly launched when the *Serapis* flamed in answering wrath.

From the first moment everything went against Jones. In the opening broadside two of the three eighteen-pounders—one of the most precious resources of close combat—exploded, causing dreadful havoc among the crew. For yards the deck was covered with the maimed and killed. Jones calmly ordered the ports on that side to be closed, and abandoned the use of that battery, thus reducing his fighting power appreciably at the moment he had need of every weapon on board. Then followed a series of manœuvres only comprehensible to a mariner, but consisting in an alternate crossing of the bow of each other by the antagonists, and thus depriving the victim of wind for his sails. In this dangerous pastime the rotten sides of the *Poor Richard* were riddled by the *Serapis*, which as yet had sustained no damage whatever. Finally, after a long play for the advantage, ship almost touching ship, Jones succeeded in so placing his rotten hulk that the superior guns of the *Serapis* were useless. Then he massed his men for a rush on the enemy. They were met with resolution and forced back on the bloody deck of the mangled *Richard*. The English broke into mad cheers of exultant triumph. The "pirate" was at last undone. His ship was plainly untenable. The glory of the triumph filled the English commander with such joy that he could not wait for the white flag or the trumpet of submission.

"Has your ship struck her colors?" he yelled, imperiously.

"I haven't begun to fight yet," Jones retorted, with his decks running gore, half his guns dismounted, his crew worn with the labor of manœuvring the *Richard's* unwieldy bulk.

But the answer was literally true, the Briton found to his stupefaction. Jones had not begun to fight as only he understood fighting. By dint of superhuman craftsmanship and the nameless genius that men are born to, Jones, as by miracle, swung his unwieldy ship from the position she held, seeking to get within boarding distance at a more favorable quarter of the *Serapis*. In all this thrilling detail the Englishman had every advantage—his guns were new and fireable; his ship moved to the lightest puff of wind; his masts and appurtenances were new and solid, and the American shots did comparatively no harm. The *Serapis* could be put just where her commander wanted her. Jones had fairly to work himself into the attitude he desired by aid of his enemy—that is, making use of her spars and rigging to bend his unwieldy craft about. But, incredible as it sounds, he did this; he got the helpless hulk in just the spot he knew the most effective work could be done. The ships lay side by side, length to length. Then Jones, with a picked phalanx, lashed the two vessels together—tied by the masts above, hooked by hawsers from rail to rail. An anchor on the *Serapis* by accident became hooked in the quarter of the *Richard*, and when Pearson, seeking to recover his advantage in manœuvring, strove to break loose, he found his ship helplessly in the embrace of the terrible American.

It was then seen that the fight had really just begun. It was half after eight. The combat had been going on just an hour. The country-side for miles had reached the Scarborough Cliffs; lights flashed for miles along the highland coast. Bells rang in all the villages along the downs, and such soldiery as could be gathered poured seaward. Meanwhile the most audacious deed in naval history was going on. Both ships were locked in a death-grip. The guns belched their flames as well as their missiles into each other's port-holes; the ramrods from each touched the sides of the other as the charges were rammed home. Three tiers of guns were thus plunging shot into the wooden walls at their very muzzles. While the guns and the balls tore through below, on deck squads of desperate men kept the boarders from reaching each other's deck. But in spite of deeds which far exceed the word bravery, the *Richard* was every moment becoming untenable. Her lower regions were riddled with eighteen-pound shot; she was leaking in forty gashes. An enormous fissure had been made in the upper deck by the explosion, at the beginning of the engagement, of the eighteen-pounder battery.

This was an almost insurmountable hinderance to the combat on deck, and would have been accepted by any other commander as justification—even compulsion—to surrender. But, to add to the horror of the situation, the miscreant Landais, in the heat and fury of the action, placed the *Alliance* to landward of the *Richard*—that is, with the *Richard* between the *Alliance* and the *Serapis*, and began a vehement broadside, raking his commander at every shot. For half an hour this unspeakable treachery was kept up, the *Alliance*, ranging along to the fore and stern of her consort, delivering crushing volleys, which killed and wounded almost as many of Jones's men as the British fire. Meanwhile not a gun of the *Serapis* was unused. Nineteen, all on the side next the *Richard*, were incessantly plying shot into her rotten sides. On the *Richard* there were but three nineteen-pounders to make reply—one of these shifted from the off side where there was no enemy. Jones himself shotted and fired these guns, dealing wholesale destruction upon the Briton. On the lower decks, however, the British were carrying everything before them, except in cowing the courage of Jones and his diminished crew. In the spars, and far above the bloody broadsides, another combat was waging, where the Americans had the best of the action from first to last. By hand-grenades, pistols, and muskets the English officers were popped off as fast as they took their places. A dozen times the hand-grenades, launched from high up in the masts, set the *Serapis* on fire, giving a moment's surcease to the tragically worn faces on deck and between-decks. But it was clear that the *Richard* could stand no more. In fact, for nearly a half-hour the Briton must have won had he boldly boarded her from the lower decks, where Jones had not a man to repel him, all having been driven to the main-deck.

By this time it was nearly ten o'clock. The British were preparing to board, when a grenade flung from above struck an accumulation of powder. A tremendous explosion followed; twenty or more were killed. Jones was forming his decimated desperadoes for a supreme onslaught on the *Serapis*, when, in wild terror, the carpenter and gunner, both badly wounded, rushed to Jones, declaring the ship sinking. This in hearing of the band preparing to storm the enemy's ship was not a cheering revelation. Without waiting for the commander's orders, the carpenter ran to the flag to haul it down; but finding the flag-staff away, he began to howl for rescue, shouting:

"Quarter! For God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!"

Jones, in fury, having emptied his pistol on the enemy, flung it at the coward. It struck him on the head, and he rolled down the hatchway, helpless to do more mischief for the moment.

The British captain heard the carpenter's cry, and shouted to Jones, "Do you ask quarter?"

"Never," retorted John Paul, grimly; and he did not.

Then the Briton ranged his boarders—the last desperate charge, counted upon for victory. John Paul stood at the rails as the confident British plunged at the *Richard's* decks with wild hurrahs. A writhing, distorted mass of half-bared, smoke-blacked, and powder-stained spectres wrestled and struck at one another for a brief space. The British broke; a group of Jones's over-eager men clutched after them even to the decks of the *Serapis*, and as Jones was not ready to attack *en masse*, they were all captured. The visible ravages wrought on the *Richard*—the gory decks, the depleted crew, the useless guns—everything in view, would seem appalling enough to try preternatural courage.

As if to try Paul Jones to the full, to subject his endurance to such a strain as never was put on a man before or since, another and a more formidable danger—if such there could be—was added to the American's hopeless plight. When the gunner and carpenter discovered the water pouring through the riddled hulk of the *Richard*, they informed the master-at-arms of the ship's danger. This extraordinary sailor instantly, in a spirit of humanity or treason—it was never made clear which—ran and liberated a hundred or more prisoners the *Richard* had captured during the cruise and the action. These men, unseen by Jones and unknown to the crew, passed readily from the lower decks of the *Richard* to the *Serapis*. The captain of that ship was informed that his enemy was about to sink, and that only a few moments more of endurance would give him the victory. So that in the final hour of combat Jones found himself on a sinking ship, gunless, one of his consorts sailing about him and delivering destructive shots into his crew, more than a hundred prisoners at large in the lower part of the vessel, and the *Serapis*, almost unhurt, locked to his sides, her crew outnumbering his exhausted forces. Certainly, if surrender is ever permissible to the brave, that was the hour when it could hardly have diminished his glory. But Paul Jones never dreamed of surrendering while his eyes could see or his arms could strike. To add to the almost grotesque hopelessness of the combat, his inferior officers were clamoring to give it up; the subalterns were filling the air with disheartening plaints. To this horror on horror's head ghastly piled, the stertorous cry of "fire" struck like a palsy upon the crew. Undaunted, with no sign of dismay, Jones met all these heralds of destruction. He ordered such prisoners as had not been released to the pumps, with pistols at their heads, and taking advantage of the panic—which meant destruction to the weak—he cowed his officers into obedience to his commands, as a means of saving their own lives. Himself at the three guns, he renewed their volleys with deadly precision, inspiring the seamen with such admiration that they gave no thought to the sinking ship or the timid counsels of the inconstant. With his own hands he plied shot after shot at the mainmast of the *Serapis*. In the calm moonlight the ravages of these three immortal guns could be seen, and when the monster shaft fell with a crash, Paul Jones knew his work was done. The Briton, buoyed by hope, had fought on and on, not knowing what to make of a dare-devil that fought, on a ship actually foundering, as if he were on dry land. At half past ten valor won—the *Serapis* struck her colors. Paul Jones then ordered his lieutenant, Dale, to board the conquered ship and to take charge of her. With abominable treachery, three of the boarding party were butchered, and a midshipman maimed by a pike thrust into his thigh. When Jones's lieutenant reached Captain Pearson, the lieutenant of the British ship rushed up hastily from the lower deck, where the fight was still going on.

"Has the enemy struck, sir?" he asked his commander.

"No, sir; on the contrary," the Yankee lieutenant made answer, "the captain has struck to us."

The Briton, ignoring the answer, repeated the question,

"Have *you* struck, sir?"

"Yes, I have," doggedly replied Captain Pearson.

"Then I have nothing more to say, sir," returned the indignant lieutenant. He made as if to return below to his post, when the Yankee ordered him to accompany Captain Pearson on board the *Richard* and report to Commander Jones. The lieutenant begged to be permitted to go below to stop the guns, but the Yankee, fearful of some further trickery, compelled the two officials to appear before Jones. The Englishman had only insult and bitterness to proffer to his conqueror. "It is most painful to me," he blurted out, "to deliver my sword to a man fighting with a halter about his neck."

"Sir," cried Jones, heartily, ignoring the insult, "you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in a most ample manner."

But there was little time for courtesies and heartburnings. Both vessels were on fire. There were five feet of water in the body of the *Richard*. Daylight could be seen through the sides in scores of places. The *Serapis*, though not riddled in this way, was in desperate straits. Jones's three guns, fired by his own hand, had wrought almost fatal mischief. Her great mast went over with a deafening crash, destroying the rigging and upper deck. Fires were darting from a score of places. Both crews worked the rest of the night to save the ship. By labors almost as trying as the combat itself the unfortunate *Richard* was held above the waves until the wounded could be shipped. The prisoners were left to the last, and, taking advantage of their superiority in number, they seized the ship and made for shore. A second fight ensued to rescue his own ship. A few hours later the noble old vessel careened, plunged downward, and sank in the waves that were the scene of her glory. The crew of the *Richard* was, as near as can be ascertained, 275 men; of these 71 were American born, 57 English born, 21 Portuguese, the rest Irish, Swedes, and Norwegians. The *Serapis* had 320 men, all English, except a dozen East Indians.

Both contemporary historians and modern critics admit that the battle was won purely and solely by Paul Jones. Three several times the *Richard* was given up by officers and crew, but Jones refused to listen to the surrender. Twenty minutes more of endurance on the part of the British would have ended in the *Richard's* going down—but Jones would have gone down with her. At any time during the last hour and a half of the battle the British, almost two to one in numbers, could have, had they been daring, boarded the *Richard* from the lower decks, or even from the main-deck. But valor beclouds the judgment of the adversary not equally endowed. Jones's obstinate resistance made Pearson believe that the *Serapis's* guns had not wrought or were not doing the destruction they had done and were doing. He could not conceive of a sane commander risking the lives of two hundred men in a ship really in the condition the *Richard* was reported to him to be.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMITTEE.

To make the proceedings of the South African Committee intelligible one has to go back to the summer of 1895, when the Outlanders at Johannesburg, after several years of constitutional agitation, made up their minds to obtain a redress of their grievances by force of arms. These grievances, briefly, were that the majority of the population, who possessed more than half the land, nine-tenths of the wealth, and paid nineteen-twentieths of the taxation, were without any share whatever in the administration of the country; that the English language was forbidden to be taught in the public schools; that the judicial system was corrupt, and subservient to the Raad; that the dynamite monopoly and the discriminations against Cape railways and products were grossly unjust; and that generally the whole course of Transvaal legislation was to favor the Germans at the expense of the British.

Mr. Rhodes, who supported the movement in secret with his purse and influence, saw that it was necessary to have a body of men on the border in readiness to assist the reformers in case President Kruger rejected their final petition. A glance at the map will show that Mafeking, in British Bechuanaland, would make an admirable basis of operations for a descent on Johannesburg. But in June, 1895, the Bechuanaland protectorate was under the control of the crown, and no massing of troops could take place in its territory without the consent of the High Commissioner at Cape Town and the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Rhodes had for some years been pressing the British government to hand over the protectorate to the Chartered Company, and had succeeded in getting a promise from Lord Ripon, the Secretary for the Colonies in Mr. Gladstone's ministry of 1892. The promise, however, had not been fulfilled at the time of Mr. Chamberlain's accession to office in 1895. There were three excellent reasons why the transfer should be made. In the first place, it would make the Chartered Company and Cape Colony coterminous—another step towards the federation of South Africa, for which Mr. Rhodes has always worked. In the second place, the building of a railway from Mafeking to Bulawayo was of the utmost importance, and depended largely on the transfer of the protectorate. In the third place, a large number of Dutch colonists were anxious to occupy land in the protectorate, provided they could secure title under the company. Dr. Harris, who acted as Mr. Rhodes's confidential agent, laid these reasons fully before Mr. Chamberlain, and by November the transfer was accomplished, and the Bechuanaland police added to the forces of the Chartered Company.

Mr. Rhodes at once massed about four hundred men at Mafeking, in order, as he said, to protect the railway. There was nothing in that to excite suspicion. Every public work of that sort has to be guarded against native attack. But his real reason for this concentration of troops was to have them in readiness to act at Johannesburg if required. It is very important to remember that Dr. Jameson was only to cross the border at the summons of the reformers, and they were only to call him in to their assistance if the President refused to give way. The raid, as it actually took place, was against all their interests and advice. It took them by surprise, and it ruined their plans. Jameson started in spite of their strongest and incessant remonstrance. Indeed, before the committee he himself acknowledged that he was solely responsible for it.

Now there is obviously all the difference in the world between the Jameson raid and what may be called the Jameson plan. The actual raid was authorized neither by the reform committee at Johannesburg nor by Mr. Rhodes. It was purely a mistake on Dr. Jameson's part, as he very readily admitted. The Jameson plan was far different. Its grand mistake lay in the fact that it was not openly undertaken by the imperial government. Mr. Rhodes was using the forces of the Chartered Company for an object that ought to have been left to the care of the Colonial Secretary. Had Mr. Rhodes recognized that even in a revolution honesty is the best policy, had he gone to Mr. Chamberlain and said, "There is bound to be an uprising at Johannesburg, and you ought to mass the imperial troops on the border to restore peace and order and protect British citizens," what harm would there have been in it? It was, indeed, a policy that had been pursued more than once by the British government. In 1894 a disturbance at Johannesburg seemed inevitable, and Lord Loch, then High Commissioner at the Cape, instantly moved the imperial troops to the border. It was a bold step, but justifiable and successful. If Mr. Chamberlain had only seen the necessity for similar action at the end of 1895, all would have been well. Imperial troops, acting under orders from the High Commissioner and not from an irresponsible trading company, would have gathered on the frontier, and made any fiasco like the Jameson raid impossible.

But Mr. Rhodes preferred to manage things for himself, without consulting either his fellow-directors or the imperial officials, and he has paid heavily for his masterfulness. He succeeded, however, in giving people the impression that the home authorities knew a good deal more about his preparations than they cared to acknowledge; and the main question which the committee had to decide was how far the Colonial Office was "in it." In other words, did Mr. Chamberlain, when he handed over the Bechuanaland protectorate and permitted the concentration of troops at Mafeking, know that these troops might be used in the event of an uprising at Johannesburg? On this point there is a direct conflict of evidence. Mr. Chamberlain says he never connected the two things in his mind; that he transferred the protectorate only after the fullest investigation, and in obedience to definite pledges given by his predecessors in office, and that he had no idea that the presence of Dr. Jameson's force was for any other purpose than the protection of the railway. On the other hand, Dr. Harris, who represented Mr. Rhodes in the negotiations with the Colonial Office, says that in an interview with Mr. Chamberlain he "referred to the unrest at Johannesburg, and added a guarded allusion to the desirability of there being a police force near the border." In further evidence, Dr. Harris stated that his allusion was a "very guarded one."

It is therefore a question of one man's oath, or, rather, one man's memory, against another's; and, accepting Mr. Chamberlain's statement as personally decisive, the fact remains that Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson got the idea that the Colonial Office knew of their intentions, and was not opposed to them, and that Sir John Willoughby, who was technically in command of the Jameson force, thought himself justified in guaranteeing the safety of their commissions to the officers beneath him.

Mr. Chamberlain's position becomes further complicated by the journalistic activity of Miss Flora Shaw, the lady who "does the colonies," as Mr. Rhodes put it, for the *London Times*. Miss Shaw, in her evidence, said that it occurred to her "during her holiday musings" that the concentration of troops on the border might have something to do with the disturbances at Johannesburg. She asked Dr. Harris if this were so, and after some hesitation he revealed to her the Jameson plan, and provided her with the Chartered Company's cable code. And so, assuming Mr. Chamberlain's protestations of ignorance to be quite sincere, we have it that Miss Shaw, by her own intelligence and observation, discovered what was altogether hidden from Mr. Chamberlain and his able advisers. The Colonial Secretary may come out of the inquiry with his reputation for good faith and straightforwardness undamaged, but, after Miss Shaw's piquant revelations, his "dreadful smartness" will be at a considerable discount.

It is in Mr. Chamberlain's favor that ever since the raid took place he has courted the fullest investigation into the conduct of his office; and, indeed, the committee was thought to be appointed as much for the purpose of whitewashing him as of punishing Mr. Rhodes. In his evidence he gave clear and reasonable explanations of every step in his policy, and it is entirely the fault of the committee that the suspicions which gathered round his office eighteen months ago have been rather increased than diminished. How this has come about must be briefly set forth. Dr. Harris was of course in constant telegraphic communication with Mr. Rhodes during his negotiations with the Colonial Office. It was therefore of the first importance that his cablegrams should be produced. But Dr. Harris, like a wise man, destroyed his copies a few days after the raid. The committee at once made an order on the Eastern Telegraph Company for the delivery of their copies. The company obeyed, after a formal protest. It was then found that several cables were missing. It turned out that Mr. Hawksley, Mr. Rhodes's solicitor, was in possession of them. The committee demanded them; Mr. Hawksley, "with the greatest respect," declined to produce them without Mr. Rhodes's consent. He was ordered to cable to Mr. Rhodes. He did so; but Mr. Rhodes returned no answer. The committee threatened to report Mr. Hawksley to the House. Mr. Hawksley, still with the greatest respect, pleaded the privileges of solicitor and client as a reason for keeping the cables to himself. Mr. Chamberlain, to whom copies of the missing documents had been shown in June, 1895, said that he would welcome their production; that, as far as he could recollect them, they would clear him of all suspicion. Still Mr. Rhodes made no sign; and then suddenly the committee announced that it did not intend to pursue the matter any further!

What conclusion could be more lame and impotent, more unsatisfactory and bewildering? Mr. Hawksley was not to be reported to the House because he pleaded a solicitor's privilege. Mr. Rhodes was not to be required to produce the missing cables because he was in a colony and had significantly declared the cables to be "very confidential." Miss Shaw's telegrams admittedly referred to the Colonial Office, and have not yet been destroyed by the telegraph company. Yet no production of her messages was enforced, or even asked for.

The confidential communications between the Colonial Office and the High Commissioner at Cape Town were not put in. Lord Grey, who, together with Dr. Harris, conducted most of the negotiations with the Colonial Office, was not called as a witness. Mr. Beil and Mr. Maguire were said by Dr. Harris to have independent knowledge of his interviews with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Fairfield, the head of the South African Department in the Colonial Office. They were not examined thereon. What was the reason for all this burking of critical evidence? Why did the committee tamely suffer its authority to be flouted? Why did it stop up its ears and hustle witnesses out of the chair whenever the words "Colonial Office" were uttered? After months of aimless blundering, it was at last in sight of a real issue. Why did they shrink from meeting it? Why did it not resolutely insist on the production of the missing cables? Mr. Chamberlain stated on oath that he had no objection whatever to their publication; that he was confident that their appearance would only vindicate his position. And what possible reason can Mr. Rhodes have for withholding them? It may be he disbelieves in Mr. Chamberlain's professions of eagerness to see them laid before the committee. It may be that he is suppressing them in order to screen himself or his agents; but this, after his frank admission of responsibility for the whole revolution, seems most unlikely. It may be, again, that the missing telegrams incriminate persons of higher rank than either Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Rhodes, and that the committee thinks it wise for public reasons not to insist on their production. But that is the merest conjecture, and quite unsupported by any real evidence. Or, finally, it may be that the cablegrams contain nothing of any importance, and that Mr. Rhodes is simply withholding them to show his contempt for the committee and its inquiry by frightening it with a bugaboo. Anyway the committee has covered itself with ridicule and disgrace. Its nerveless incompetence has dealt a really serious blow at the methods of Parliamentary inquiry and at the good faith of the House of Commons; while, as regards the Colonial Office, it has left behind an atmosphere of mystery and suspicion which is probably a hundred times more damaging than any facts that a real investigation would have brought to light.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE SAENGERFEST AT PHILADELPHIA.

THREE years ago New York city had an object-lesson as to the earnestness and dignity of the Saengerbund idea. The vigorous purport of the word "Saengerfest" will not readily be forgotten by thousands of auditors at that time making part of the vast audiences in the Madison Square Garden. Philadelphia has a reputation as a conservative city. Something like the dedication of a national monument or another movement of broad significance is needed to quicken it to a scene of general enthusiasm. But it is doubtful if it has ever more genuinely made an art incident a part of itself than last week, when occurred the Eighteenth National Saengerfest of the great Northeastern Saengerbund of America. The rally of nearly two hundred song clubs, small or great, metropolitan or provincial, massed together a monster choir of some six thousand trained male voices. The week was given up to the long list of concerts before the jury, with reference to the awards for excellence in part-singing. Alternated with these were sundry wider programmes of more public interest, to which crowded all Philadelphia and its suburbs—German, American, and German-American. Not even New York's like occurrence in 1894 offered a more majestic spectacle or a nobler illustration of the sincerity of Germany's sons in dignifying and localizing their national art wherever they may be. The stately hall in which Philadelphia gave its musical hospitality to the army of brother societies who became its guest for the week was erected expressly for the occasion. It suggested but slightly a temporary structure, and those who had given generously toward it seemed to regard its cost of fifty thousand dollars as a quite trifling expression of zeal—more than repaid.

The proceedings of the week were similar in their conduct to those with which New York became fairly familiar at the time of the Madison Square Garden Saengerfest. The organization is the same, the rich and energetic Northeastern one, under the presidency of Major Carl Lenz, of Newark, New Jersey. The various societies are classified into three groups. Some are expected to interpret particular compositions (chosen by the Directors of the Bund) and so to be judged as to their vocal work. Others possess the privilege of selecting their own numbers. The competition is often extremely close. Nicety of judgment is needed, and the awards are not only honors but of more tangible value. In the general and evening meetings of the Fest it has been the custom to include special compositions—orchestral numbers, soloists, and such features as obviously belong to a choral concert of the largest dimension.

There was a special appropriateness in Philadelphia's making much of the Saengerfest in her turn. It was in Philadelphia, in 1850, that was held the first gathering of the sort. Philadelphia's own "Maennerchor," still active in song, took part in that pioneer test. Furthermore, Philadelphia clubs have invariably been strong rivals in the various tests year by year. Its local societies bore off the highest honors in the Madison Square Garden during the Seventeenth Saengerfest, not a little to the dismay of New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and other competitors. Last week, in obedience to the proverbial etiquette of a host, it could not permit itself to shine too overpoweringly. The first prize in the first class was won by the Brooklyn singers, with the highest number of points ever made in an American Saengerfest, 143½ out of a possible 150. Of this club Mr. Arthur Claassen is leader. The graded prizes following next in the same class were won respectively by New York (141½), Newark (139), Baltimore (125). In the second-class tests, the choirs of Hudson County (New Jersey) with 135 points, Trenton (119), and Camden (112) were successful. The first prize in the third class fell to Newark's "Arion" with a record of 139 points.

"In 1857," said one of the speakers of last week, "when we held our picnic at Lemon Hill here, we were stoned and hooted because we were singing-societies and Germans." Things have changed, ideas have altered, since then. The debt which America and the exotic conditions of musical art here owe to this simple, widespread, zealous German custom of the social song club, the local singing society, is great. It has had an influence where we can estimate it, and beyond doubt a vast one where we cannot. It is part of the manly, æsthetic, simple impulse of the German temperament, at home or across the sea. The sentiment giving it birth is as old as the days of the Mastersingers of ancient Nürnberg. The Tournament of Song in the Wartburg in the twelfth century, after all, was but a kind of aristocratic Saengerfest; and Wagner did right to make his *Tannhäuser* out of it and to put his Tannhäuser into it. All over this land the song-work, during summer nights and winter nights, by the great clubs or the small ones, has been like the rills in the woods, or the brooks slipping along green meadows. We may hear or heed them only now and then. But their final coalescence can make a river, deep and broad and clear; one of song, refreshing the land whithersoever it flows.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

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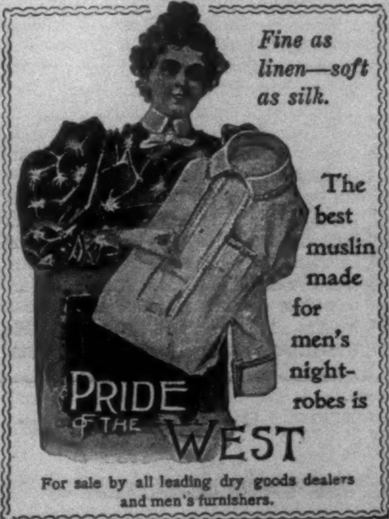
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Will begin in the issue dated July 15 the publication of a short serial story entitled

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This is a stirring tale of the young militiaman's adventures during the railroad riots, in which the lad who is already familiar to our readers as "Corporal Fred" wins his shoulder-straps in reward for his bravery. It is one of the best stories that Capt. King has written.

Coincident with "Corporal Fred's Commission" will appear weekly instalments of the twenty-part serial story entitled,

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BY

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This interesting story began in the issue of June 15, and will run until the close of the volume, telling the tale of the famous siege of Gibraltar, in which an American boy, a midshipman of the United States Navy, is captured by the British, and as a result takes a prominent and a daring part in the bitter war against the Spanish.

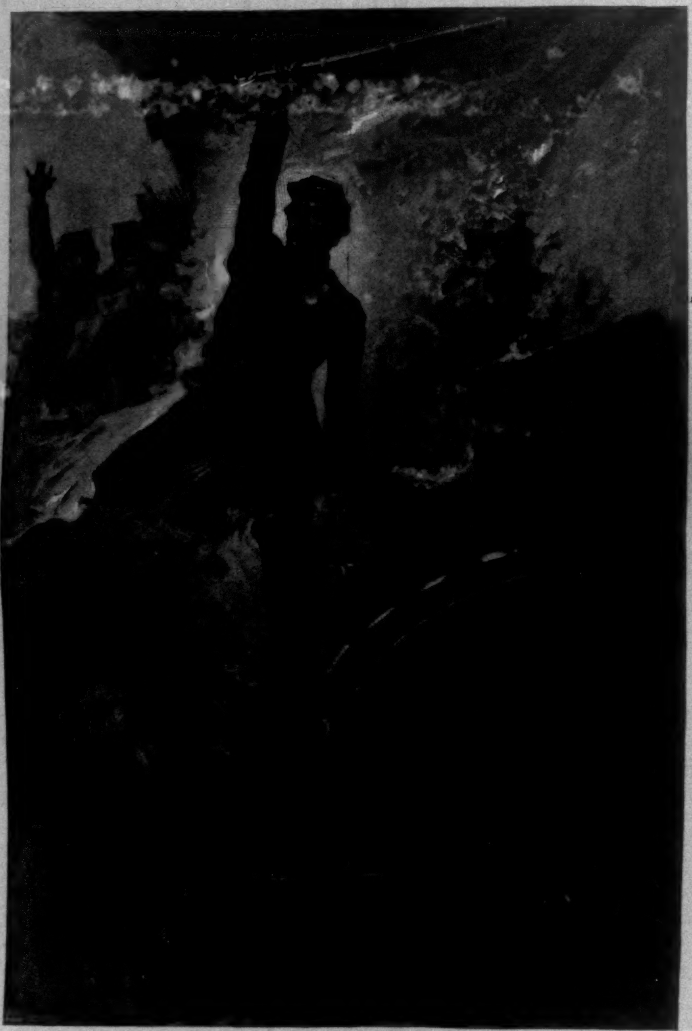

Illustration from "Corporal Fred's Commission."

Following closely upon Capt. Charles King's stirring tale will appear another short serial story of adventure entitled,

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AMATEVR-SPORT

The college baseball year is not ending with the good play promised in mid-season. Unless the remaining Harvard-Yale games (June 29 at New Haven, and, in case Yale wins, July 3 in New York, for the third and deciding one) show very great improvement, the quality of ball for the close of '97 will be distinctly inferior to any these universities have exhibited in a number of years. I do not remember when I have before seen such poor baseball in a Harvard-Yale or a final Yale-Princeton game. And each one of these '97 nines has shown that it could, on occasion, play a very superior game. The first Harvard-Princeton game was not especially high class, particularly on Harvard's part; but the remaining two of that series were notable displays of scientific baseball, rendered remarkably difficult for accurate fielding by the heavy hitting of both sides. The same comment applies to the first Yale-Princeton game at New Haven—perhaps the most exciting baseball yet seen on a college field—which was beautifully played from start to finish.

The second Yale-Princeton game revealed an entirely different quality of performance. Princeton won by a large score, but the work of her team was far below that at New Haven; and Yale was without the services of her regular and—as subsequent events discovered—only dependable pitcher.

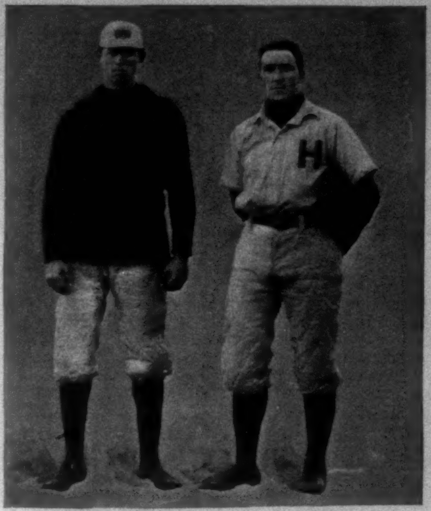
The final Yale-Princeton game, in New York, was probably as extraordinary a combination of heavy hitting and ludicrous error-making as two teams of the first class have ever made. Teams of any class could not have surpassed the error record. As an exhibition of desperate endeavor to bang the ball and to circle the bases, the two hours and fifty minutes of toil exploited many examples of labor, about which much might be said; as an exhibition of skilful baseball, there is not much occasion for comment.

And yet, of course, there were evidences of good baseball and some brilliant plays—Butler and Smith (Princeton) being largely responsible for the latter. Although their total of errors is the same, Princeton's general play in the field was much superior to Yale's, while as to the batting—Princeton apparently hit as often as she cared to. The game opened with Princeton at the bat, and Fearey and Goodwin in the points for Yale. Bradley was out on a drive to right. Easton was hit by a pitched ball and got first, and went to second on a wild pitch; Fincke threw Kelley's hit over the first-base man's head; Goodwin overthrew second; Smith got first on four balls; and Yale had begun the style of play that in connection with Princeton's heavy batting gave the latter four runs in the first inning, and twenty-two before the nine innings had reached the end of their very wearisome way. In the third inning Princeton got seven more runs, and by the end of the fifth had made fourteen hits off Fearey's delivery, had been given first base nine times on balls and twice on being hit by pitched ball—all for a total of twenty runs.

Yale then took Fearey out of the box, replacing him with Hecker. The wonder is the change was not made earlier in the game. The Yale pitcher, in baseball parlance, "went up in the air" in the third inning; and as his flight resulted in seven runs for Princeton, one would imagine a second exploration of the circumambient air would have been provided against by substituting a man more pitcher and less aeronaut. But Fearey remained in the box until his second ascent, in the fifth inning, when Princeton gathered in six runs pending his return to earth.

Censure for the disasters commonly ascribed to Fearey's atmospheric explorations should in all fairness be shared by at least five of the team. Hazen, Camp, Letton, and Wallace were the only men that did not make an error; and the six errors, as the sum total of the nine's work, were all very costly. Fearey was miserably supported—so miserably as to have disconcerted a pitcher of much longer experience.

THE YALE FRESHMEN CREW, WHICH DEFEATED HARVARD AND CORNELL FOR TWO MILES IN 9.19⅘.



Paine, Pitcher.

Scannell, Catcher.

It is somewhat unusual for a Yale team to go to pieces—but that precisely describes the fate which overtook the '97 Yale nine in its final game with Princeton. It was rattled beyond peradventure, and the ball went through the fielders as though they had been some of John Kendrick Bangs's Shades from the House-Boat. It was a telling illustration of how truly the pitcher is the pivotal point of a nine. And the exhibition was a cruel termination to the really excellent prospects Yale had attained after beginning the season with practically a green team and none of the material above the average. This is not to say that Yale had developed a better team than Princeton, or that the deciding game rightfully belonged to Captain Keator. But it is to say that Captain Keator built up a very strong team from a very humble and discouraging beginning, and that all the nine's previous good work against Brown and Princeton went for naught in the game June 19 because the regular pitcher, Greenway, was unable to take his place, and the man who did go into the box was very much his inferior. With Greenway in condition, Yale would have made a close, interesting game, and the '97 playing standard been saved from dropping below that of all preceding years. Is there not, too, room for wonderment in the fact that in Yale's upwards of 2500 students no pitcher should have been developed more nearly to fill Greenway's place? Yale was weakest of all the larger universities in this matter of battery material, and Princeton strongest.

If Greenway does not mend in health sufficiently to pitch the remaining game or games, Yale very likely will lose the Harvard series also; but if Greenway goes into the box at New Haven on the 29th, as the chances are good that he will, there will be a third and deciding game in New York, which Harvard, because so unsteady, would be more likely to lose than to win.

Princeton's play against Yale on the 19th was not the fast, errorless ball the nine has shown two or three times this year. Some of the men—Bradley, Easton, Smith, and Butler, for example—played good ball all the time, but the others spoiled their first-class work by committing inexcusable errors. As a matter of fact, a panicky feeling seemed to pervade both teams, which was rather unexpected of veterans, particularly when there was so little to create it. Princeton had no occasion after the third inning to worry over the eventual outcome of the game. Jayne pitched a fairly steady game, although hit pretty hard at different times, and Kafer supported him well; on the whole, the entire nine batted hard. Yale's other substitute, Hecker, kept the runs down astonishingly well after he went in, Princeton getting but two after the fifth inning. That is a praiseworthy record for Hecker, because the Princeton men are acknowledged the heaviest batters in college baseball. It seems also to argue that the Princeton men are heavy rather than very skilful batters.

The record, including June 26, of the strongest four:

	Won.	Lost.	
Princeton	22	2	Yale. Harvard.
Yale	17	7	1, Brown. 1, Lafayette. 1, Wesleyan. 2, Princeton. 1, Harvard. 1, Virginia.
Brown	17	5	2, Yale. 2, Princeton. 1, Holy Cross.
Harvard	15	8	3, Brown. 2, Princeton. 1, Dartmouth. 2, Holy Cross.

Despite Yale's misfortunes, and the comedy of errors that marked the final game of the Yale-Princeton series, there is no doubt of Princeton being entitled to the leadership of college baseball. The skill of her batting is less than its strength, I think, but she has more skill in that department than any other amateur team I have seen. Her out-field has been wellnigh perfect in its work; and the in-field, although on occasion alternating brilliancy with unsteadiness, is better than Harvard's or Yale's, and on the season's work as good as Brown's, but no better. It is the strongest nine Princeton has had, certainly within my recollection, although its season from first to last does not show as many games of high-class play as other nines of the same university.

A lower standard of scientific play was the least disappointment the Yale-Princeton provided. There was a palpable rekindling of that muckerish spirit which exploits itself in attempts at rattling the opposing pitcher, and in cheering the errors of opponents.

Every year some trouble between Yale and Princeton ensues from the interference of the spectators at New Haven, who are permitted too close to the unfenced field. The result invariably has been, and always will be, ill feeling between the two, which in turn leads to undisguised attempts to rattle pitchers, blatant coaching, brazen bands, and "lost" balls when batted into the bleacheries. Yale ought to enclose that field with a fence, or ground rules should be made before each game entirely and satisfactorily to provide for balls that are driven among the spectators.

Princeton's experience in this respect of interference from spectators has been long and at times sorely trying; but therein lies no excuse for her attempting to "get even" at Princeton, or for so offensively exhibiting her animus at the New York game.

Harvard may not have so long a record of successes on

Stevenson, Third Base.

Captain Dean, Second Base.

Haughton, First Base.

Chandler, Short Stop.

Rand, Left Field.

Beale, Centre Field.

Burgess, Right Field.

Lynch, Substitute.

THE HARVARD BASEBALL NINE.

the diamond, but she treats like gentlemen the teams that visit her. And that is the best success of all. As between a gentlemanly athlete and an athletic "gent," there is a difference that the play-ground cannot supply.

If gentlemanliness and sportsmanliness are considered at Yale and at Princeton a part of the athletic training and an influence in the winning, let us have some evidence of it at the baseball games.

CORNELL WON THE FOUR-MILE BOAT-RACE on Friday last at Poughkeepsie by crossing the finish-line a good three boat lengths ahead of Yale, who was about five boat lengths ahead of Harvard. Time—Cornell, 20 m. 34 s.; Yale, 20 m. 44 s.; Harvard, 21 m. Last year, on the same course but under faster conditions, Cornell defeated Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Columbia in 19 m. 21 s., Harvard being second by two lengths. In '96 Cornell's crew averaged 157 pounds; in '97 it averaged 159 to 160, and four of the '96 crew sat in the '97 boat. Last year Cornell averaged throughout the race the lowest number of strokes to the minute; this year she did the same. Last year Cornell beat what was considered the fastest crew Harvard had developed up to that time. This year Cornell has beaten Harvard—which was coached by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, one of the most, if not the most, famous university coaches of England, and who has coached Oxford and Leander eights for many years—and Yale, coached solely by Mr. R. J. Cook, whose identification with the successful Yale crews of the past is well established. The Yale crew was in pace well up to the average that has represented that university in ten years. Harvard's crew was the fastest she has yet developed. Cornell's crew was about as good as last year's.

And on both occasions Cornell won easily, with abundant reserve power apparent in the last mile.

THIS YEAR HARVARD USED the stroke employed by Oxford and Cambridge in their four-mile rowing. Yale used a stroke evolved by Mr. Cook out of his American ideas and his experience at Henley last year; Cornell used the stroke evolved out of Courtney's American ideas and his experience at Henley two years ago. So, after all, we are indebted to the mother-country for the present perfected state of our rowing.

The Harvard stroke was the straight English, with the extreme swing back and short slide. Mr. Cook modified the swing back and gave the men a trifle more reach, but he either ignored or could not get out of his men good slide-work. Courtney was the cleverest of all. He realized the weakness in the very short American swing, and the strength in the American leg drive. He saw the advantage in combining the English swing with the American leg drive, rather than emphasizing the first, as the English do, or the second, as the Americans, himself included, had been doing. He was sufficiently expert in oarsmanship to know just where on the back swing the man ceased to be a smooth propelling force. Just at that point Courtney dropped English and continued on with the American powerful leg drive and smooth recover.

I have noted that Cornell men (not Courtney, for he knows of what he talks, while the others talk of what they know not) invariably resent with indignation the statement that their present stroke is the result of the Henley experience. An opportunity of scouting the idea is never lost. But the fact remains that the Cornell stroke of '96 and '97 does combine the English swing, modified to permit of its assimilation with the American leg drive and recover.

COURTNEY'S STROKE HAS ALWAYS INCLUDED powerful work with the legs and smooth recovery at the end of the stroke, but the swing, before last year, was very inadequate, and the stroke rapid and short. Lengthening the body swing, and consequently the stroke, has—in combination with his leg drive and recovery—seemed to give Courtney an ideal stroke, with pace, endurance, and power all considered. After the smooth, powerful rowing of Cornell last year, I wonder a little how the "rowing experts" could have so confidently declared the Cornell crew "not a factor" in this year's race with Harvard and Yale.

The smooth and powerful combination that Courtney had attained for Cornell was evidently what Cook was striving to reach, for the Yale crew showed none of the extreme back swing seen in the Harvard boat. Yale had the idea safe enough, but it was embryonic, for the work of the crew was rough and unfinished. Such rough work, in fact, has not been seen in a Yale boat for a number of years. The men were together, and they had plenty of power, and but for that quality they would have finished astern of Harvard. I am inclined to believe that had a man of less endurance and drive than Langford stroked the Yale crew it would not have made a showing nearly so good.

EVERY NON-PARTISAN SPORTSMAN would have rejoiced, I am sure, in a Harvard triumph last Friday. Not from prejudice against Yale and Cornell, or even because he wanted to see Mr. Lehmann's efforts and good spirit rewarded with victory for his pupils, but because Harvard has had more than her share of boating defeats in the last ten years, and the sportsman with no Yale or Cornell affiliations wished that in this, Harvard's first year of an established system, she might attain glory unalloyed.

But when one seriously faced the situation, a Harvard victory seemed possible of course, though an extraordinary success under the circumstances of a completely revolutionized rowing system, a coach new to the men and to the country, and only average material for him to work on. Had Harvard won this year, I repeat, it would have been a result not duplicated in any of the amateur boating world's history with which I am familiar.

THERE IS GLORY ATTACHING, however, to Harvard for at least one result of the boating season—*i. e.*, unity. Harvard, until this year, for ten years has led a most absurdly vacillating boating life; a new system nearly every year, and a different coach, to be but half-heartedly supported during the training season, and pitched overboard and condemned and ridiculed after the race was rowed and lost. Football, meantime, has been undergoing an experience somewhat similar, and those who stand as sponsors for Harvard's sport apparently seem lacking the perception to realize it. But that is—not another story—only a digression on my part.

This year an Englishman, Mr. Lehmann, in a most praiseworthy and sportsmanly spirit, came to Cambridge from London at his own expense, and has remained the entire training season, teaching the crew the English stroke. He succeeded in doing what has never before been done at Harvard; he harmonized the disgruntled rowing shades of Harvard Boston, and created some rowing enthusiasm at Harvard University.

IF NOW, BECAUSE OF HAVING LOST A RACE, to win which would have been exceptional success, Harvard falls back into that old, disgruntled, fault-finding, sixes-and-sevens state of mind, then may she count on never winning, and of deserving her fate. For it is perfectly well established that winning teams in any branch of sport cannot be turned out until a system has been established and maintained sufficiently long to give tangible results.

If, on the other hand, Harvard will now at last profit by the experience of other years, and pursue the system established this year, then may she be assured of her measure of successes in the coming years, and all Harvard and all American sportsmen will remember with deep gratitude the visit of Mr. Lehmann.

TO TURN OUT A WINNING CREW was not the sole motive which prompted Mr. Lehmann to accept Harvard's invitation, and certainly it is not in that light American sportsmen view his visit; Mr. Lehmann's assistance was solicited in the hope that he could implant sound principles of eight-oared rowing, bring order out of the boating chaos which has ruled at Harvard these many years, and establish a system which should be a guide for future coaching.

This he has done. It remains now with Harvard to carry forward the work begun; and the re-election of D. M. Goodrich to the captaincy of the crew gives me confidence that she will.

Before taking leave of Mr. Lehmann let me assure him that American sportsmen are grateful for his work for Harvard, and, above all, for the influence his sportsmanly example has had upon our college boating. We have seen the last of those days of spying substitutes and secret practice, when every oarsman not of your college was looked upon as an athletic renegade, and whoso ventured afloat while the crews were out was considered a suspicious character. Mr. Lehmann's frank example and the good sense which, after all, is one of the fundamentals of average American character, have cured this childishness. And we are very thankful.

THE STORY OF THE RACE is quickly told, for the boats were strung out when half the course had been rowed, and only Yale's several attempts to cut down Cornell's lead saved the last mile from being an uninteresting procession.

All three caught the water together on the report of the referee's pistol, but Harvard's consummate skill in the racing start sent her quickly in the lead, as it had in the Freshman race, and kept shooting her shell ahead, as on the preceding Wednesday. Yale had the better of Cornell by about a quarter boat length. After her dozen or so racing strokes Harvard settled to thirty-four, Yale to thirty-five, and Cornell to thirty-three, Yale doing some splashing, but Harvard and Cornell rowing in perfect form. At the half-mile all the crews were rowing thirty-two, and Yale having steadied, though showing an occasional break in the waist of the boat, all were pulling in form, with the positions unchanged, except that both Cornell and Yale had crept nearer Harvard.

FROM THIS POINT to the two miles a splendid opportunity offered for studying the strokes and movement of the shells.

Harvard was rowing in the form her practice promised, getting good reach and the extreme back swing; there was no break in the boat, and it had good pace, although the men seemed a bit sluggish in their movements; there was no time lost on the catch, but I missed on Friday, and from my first look at Harvard I have missed, that vicious "bite" on the water which when at Putney I noted as a characteristic of the Oxford and Cambridge stroke.

Yale was getting a little longer reach than Harvard, but not swinging back so far; she got a harder catch, and the stroke appeared to have more power, but her work did not look so smooth, although the Harvard and Yale boats at this time ran equally well between strokes.

Cornell was working beautifully together; her reach was about as long as Harvard's, and the back swing about as far (so near as the eye could judge) as Yale's; the catch was the quickest of the three, the stroke pulled well through, and the recover so smooth that the boat glided on without a check. Above all, the ease with which Cornell rowed was apparent to even the unlearned spectator. There seemed to be no effort in the rowing, and yet there was every indication of power.

FROM THE THREE-QUARTER MILE, when Cornell took the lead, to the very end there was no interruption of the smooth work and no lessening of the power. Harvard spurted and Yale spurted, running their strokes on occasions up to thirty-four and thirty-five, but Cornell, after the first half-mile, never raised her stroke above thirty-three, and for three-quarters of the four miles held to thirty-two. At the mile about a quarter shell length separated the three crews, Cornell, Harvard, Yale; at the mile and a half they still lapped, though Cornell had pulled away from and Yale drawn up on Harvard. Yale now spurted, rapidly overhauling Harvard, though Cornell, without raising the stroke, held her own, and at the two miles led Yale by a quarter-length of open water, while Yale led Harvard by about as much. From here Cornell, showing beautiful leg-work, began going away quickly from Yale, and at two and a half miles had increased the open water to one and a half lengths, while Harvard was a length behind Yale. Harvard spurted at this point, and drew up somewhat on Yale. Cornell was running away from Yale, and at three miles had increased her lead to three lengths. Harvard, with a desperate spurt, drew up to within half a length of Yale, and then fell back, apparently disconcerted.

From that point, and in fact from the two and a half mile mark, the Harvard stroke was much shortened, and the rushing of the slides checked the boat perceptibly.

Yale rowed the last mile in better form than the first, and made unavailing spurt after spurt to catch Cornell, Cornell, with the same ease that had given her the lead, sped on, pulling thirty-three strokes, and holding Yale, who was doing thirty-four and thirty-five. And so they crossed the finish-line, Cornell a little over three lengths ahead of Yale, and Yale about five ahead of Harvard. Cornell and Yale both finished in good condition, but Harvard's bow collapsed just as the line was reached, and stroke collapsed immediately after crossing, and most of the crew seemed done out. Harvard pulled a game race, for the men must have been in great distress that last half-mile. Thus ended the most interesting and most instructive eight-oared race this country has ever beheld.

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID and more written about this race, and very little of it is worthy of attention. There was always sufficient reason, indeed, for uncertainty of opinion as to the result, since the race was to provide the first real test between the straight English stroke, and the American stroke with improvements suggested by experience at Henley. But at no time was there sufficient reason for the supreme confidence which before the race adjudged either Harvard or Yale the winner and entirely ignored Cornell. Prejudice for "beef" in the boat and for the rowing fad of the year (the extreme English swing) blinded old college oarsmen to the subtle efficacy of that uninterrupted gliding between strokes of the Cornell boat, caused by the modified back swing, a magnificent leg drive, and a wonderfully smooth recovery.

MANY REASONS HAVE BEEN ADVANCED to explain Cornell's success. It was not because of strength, for she averaged eleven pounds lighter than Yale, and seven pounds lighter than Harvard. It was not because of age (as one turgid New York editorial set forth), because Cornell averaged twenty-one, Harvard twenty-one and one-eighth, and Yale twenty years. It was not because of better condition, for Yale was in as good. It was simply because Cornell had a better stroke—a stroke which combined to the nicest degree the maximum of power and pace with the minimum of effort.

Those who talk glibly of Cornell's "short stroke" will do well to remember that Cornell averaged the least number of strokes to the minute in last Friday's race, and that at the same number of strokes her boat travelled faster and farther than either Harvard's or Yale's.

To men who know something of rowing that fact is significant. When the general and uninitiated reader learns that a gain of one inch to every stroke means a gain of about a boat's length in four miles, perhaps he too will appreciate the advantage of an art that propels the boat with no checks between strokes.

The result of this race proclaims, it seems to me, the superiority of American rigging, oars at a slight bevel on the catch, and of the modified back swing over the extreme back swing used by Harvard and all English crews. I should be confident of Cornell's present crew defeating this year's Oxford eight, or any average English 'varsity eight. In my opinion the '97 Cornell crew could not be beaten except by eight stronger, better oarsmen pulling the same stroke they employed this year.

Referee Meikleham officiated most satisfactorily.

THE NEWSPAPER EXPLOITATION OF YALE'S opposition to future boat-racing with Cornell is not only premature, but in exceedingly questionable taste. Cornell showed most commendable sportsmanship in admitting Yale to the Poughkeepsie race, and it ill becomes Yale now to give voice to her prejudices so soon after her signal defeat. Cornell asks nothing of Yale. She realizes, as do we all, that Harvard and Yale are natural, traditional rivals; that the great athletic interest for them centres in one another; and that all other baseball, football, and rowing contests are of secondary moment.

If dual racing can be arranged between Yale and Cornell or Harvard and Cornell, for a series covering several years, all American sportsmen, irrespective of college affiliations, will be delighted. A triangular race appears out of the question, for there is no satisfactory course besides Poughkeepsie yet come to light, and Poughkeepsie waters have been found so disturbing (because of continuous trafficking) to training crews that I doubt if it will be again considered.

Meantime we know which university has developed the fastest crew.

VERY LITTLE SPACE IS LEFT me to comment on the Pennsylvania-Columbia-Cornell Freshman and 'varsity boat-races, and, in truth, I have but little to say, not having seen Columbia or Pennsylvania for ten days. But I have enough space to condemn the unprecedented disloyalty of Columbia's *alumni*, and to censure those graduates who, themselves lending no aid, either by encouraging word or helping hand towards the success of the crews, add insult to injury by speaking unkindly of those who are giving their time and best efforts for the aquatic honor of their common *alma mater*. It is shameful. Columbia's trial is a sore one. Last year the coach on whom she depended deserted her in the hour of need; this year the coach, of whom in my judgment she has good reason to be proud, is not even half-heartedly supported.

Unless some accident befalls the men, there is no doubt that Cornell will win the 'varsity race, and as the crews were when I saw them last, it seems to me the Cornell Freshmen have the best chance in their race.

It is difficult to decide between Columbia and Univ. of Penn., not because their strokes are equally good, but because Columbia has had such hard luck in having men laid off within a few days of the race. There is no comparison between the strokes. Columbia's is much the better, and if the men would learn to keep time, and get the full benefit out of the stroke Mr. Cowles has been teaching them, there would be no question in my mind as to the result of either the Freshman or 'varsity race so far as Columbia and Univ. of Penn. are concerned.

Univ. of Penn. is pulling the same stroke she had last year, with perhaps a little stronger catch. Practically, however, it is the same professional sculler's "dab" at the water that has long since been considered unavailing in four-mile rowing. Last year both Univ. of Penn. crews hung on to third place by sheer strength and pluck. They may get second this year through the same qualities, but if Columbia's crews do get together they ought to beat Univ. of Penn. easily.

Comment on Harvard-Yale baseball and on Harvard-Yale-Cornell Freshman boat-race crowded out and reserved for next week.

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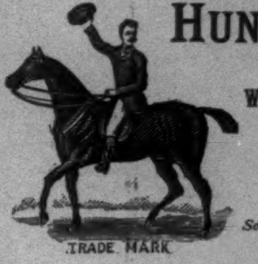

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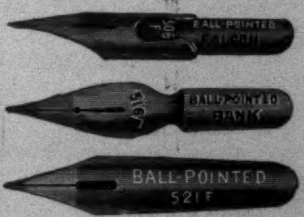

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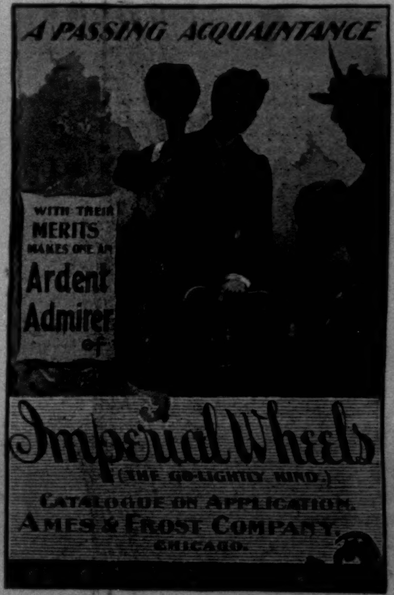

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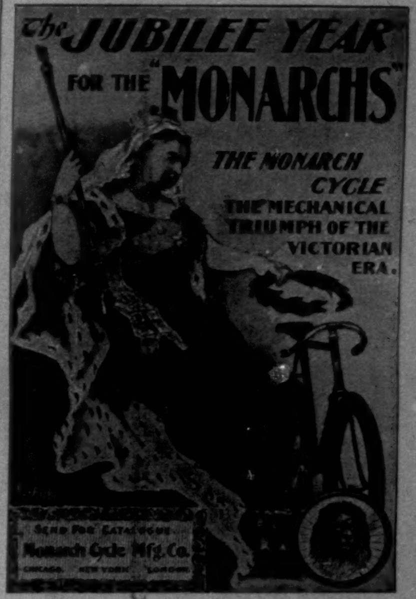
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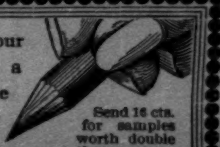

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